

MAY 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND



W. J. Muller



*"Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew."*

The portrait here reproduced is that of Madame Helena Rubinstein, by the great Parisian artist, Heller, now visiting in this country. The portrait was made several years ago in Madame Rubinstein's world-famous salons in Paris.

Madame Helena Rubinstein . . . When this name is mentioned your mind will, curiously enough, dwell neither on the woman whose portrait is before your eyes nor the great artist who created it, but on quite another thing. It is one of the caprices of fate that sometimes it defers from the personality and centers on the subject with which that personality has been pre-eminently identified. In this instance, on the Cult of Feminine Beauty and the Science which has been built up around it.

And yet, remove Madame Rubinstein's personality from this inspiring, life-enriching Cult of Beauty, and what will there be left? Only the antiquated paint, cold cream and rice-powder votaries; only the outworn practices of frumpish, dowdy make-up parlors.

Thanks to her unremitting pioneering activity, the skin and complexion are nowadays cultivated, not smothered.

She has thrown a veritable flood of light on this fascinating subject of complexion beauty and demonstrated in her establishments here and in Europe that the secret of a youthful complexion lies in keeping the skin at work, functioning correctly, as nature has willed it to work. And it was through her unique and exclusive

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that she has solved the problem of maintaining the skin in just that uninterrupted active condition which alone can produce a complexion of that "youthful hue" so dear to every womanly heart.

None were quicker to recognize this important principle and test it and take it to heart than the most beautiful women of the Stage in France, England, Russia, Italy, America and, in fact, all over the world.

Once an artist, always an artist, for Art is long, as the old Latin proverb has it. It is just because Mme. Rubinstein's great talents have succeeded in making Beauty as lasting as is Art that such an Empress of Beauty as Miss Maxine Elliott could say: "Ask me to spoil Beauty and I shall write V-a-l-a-z-e."

The Pavlovas, Marie Chénais, Margaret Coopers, Delysias, Mae Murrays, Nazimovas, Mary Gardens, Ruth Chattertons, these and any others you may think of: just ask them.

Need the point be pressed that an opportunity should never be missed, should, in fact, be sought whenever possible, to consult Mme. Rubinstein, regarding the wonderful treatments which she gives at her various establishments? There, wrinkles are stamped out. Puffiness under the eyes and crows' feet are overcome. Rejuvenation of the complexion is accomplished. Blackheads and bad complexions in general as well as redness of the face and nose, large, coarse open pores are remedied. Mme. Rubinstein's mode of treating double chin, loss of face oval and relaxation of facial muscles is another of her achievements. And however radiant may be the complexion, Mme. Rubinstein understands how to keep it in that condition for years to come.

But when a visit to her is impossible or if one prefer to avail oneself of the Valaze Beauty Preparations for Home Treatments, which Mme. Rubinstein has devised with so much care and forethought, she will always advise by letter as to the best course to be pursued.

These preparations for self-treatment are fully described in Mme. Rubinstein's booklets, which she will gladly forward on application.

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Galileo's pendulum suggested by the swinging lamp at Pisa, was applied to clocks by Dr. Hooke of England. But how to adapt this principle to *portable* clocks, or "watches," was a puzzle that long baffled both Hooke and Huygens. Late in the seventeenth century they contrived to use a short, stiff spring to stabilize the swing of the balance-wheel. Bent back and forth by the balance, it vibrated like a tiny pendulum—and its humble origin was the back of a squealing, protesting porker!

The pig's bristle—crude forerunner of the modern hair-spring—served in this important capacity for years. As watches improved in accuracy, minutes took on a new meaning, and before the century was over, the minute hand had been added—just as we find it on those marvelous timepieces of our day—

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But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

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Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins



Rules of the Contest

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure a reply.
6. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
7. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.



VOLUME IV

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

MAY, 1921



NUMBER 3

Important Features in this Issue:

ROERICH: VIKING AND SKALD. . . *Babette Deutsch*
A vivid account of the distinguished Russian painter, with color reproductions of his work

THE MOVIES IN MOVEMENT *W. L. George*
The second of a series of two articles on motion pictures by the famous British novelist

VACHEL LINDSAY: APOCALYPTIC JAZZITE
..... *Benjamin de Casseres*

The poet is both child and Titan and, accordingly, epitomizes America
MORALS AND AMERICA. . . *Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D.*
The recognized leader of the reform movement writes of national morality as he sees it

THE SICK WORLD STANDS ON THE
THRESHOLD. *Frederick James Smith*
Shall a policy of humanity reign or will we have world anarchy? asks Sir Philip Gibbs

A FREE VERSE TROUBADOUR
..... *Pierre Loving*

How Alfred Kreymborg transforms poetic imagism into a dramatic art
JACOB EPSTEIN. *Horace Brodsky*

The revolutionist in art who came from New York's East Side
THE NATIONAL DANCE OF SPAIN
..... *Charles W. Bonner, Jr.*

Nowhere but in old Spain is the dance so representative of the nation
REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
..... *Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*

Another charming essay, "The Lady With the Green Cape"

Interviews with Mrs. Fiske, Eugene O'Neill, Zona Gale and Lionel Atwill

Departments Devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

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SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Betty Blythe

The Beautiful Cinema Actress Who Stars in
"The Queen of Sheba"

Mae Busch

An Interesting Personality of the Silversheet

Ma-Belle

A Picturesque Dancer of the Varieties

Carol Dempster

The Popular Griffith Film Star Now
Appearing in "Dream Street"

and

Reproductions in color of two paintings by
Nicolas Konstantinovich Roerich; two
pages of Parisian Impressions, "Wynn
Makes a Round," by Wynn Holcomb;
and a color poster, "A Flash of
Old Spain," by Wesley Morse



From a photograph by Hoover

Betty Blythe



From a photograph by Freulich

Mae Busch



From © photograph by Strauss-Peyton

Ma Belle



A FLASH OF OLD SPAIN
Poster by Wesley Morse



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe

LILLIAN GISH

*The cinema star next to be seen as
Marguerite in David Griffith's screen
version of "Faust"*



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

MARGARET SEVERN

This interesting dancer has done much to bring the mask back to stage popularity. Her dance of the Benda Masks is a feature of The Greenwich Village Follies



ANN CORNWALL

*The pretty motion picture favorite.
Portrait study by Nicholas Muray*



FLORENCE
O'DENISHAWN

A new and unusual study of the dancer by Francis Bruguière



CORINNE GRIFFITH

*An unusual camera study of the
beautiful cinema star, by E. O. Hoppe*



THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

*A new study of Mary Miles Minter, the
popular photoplay star, by Nicholas
Murray*



MARGARET PETT

*An attractive stage personality.
Portrait by Francis Bruguiere*



ADA FORMAN

*The picturesque dancer is now appearing on
the Century Roof.*

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg



From a photograph by Abbe

Carol Dempster



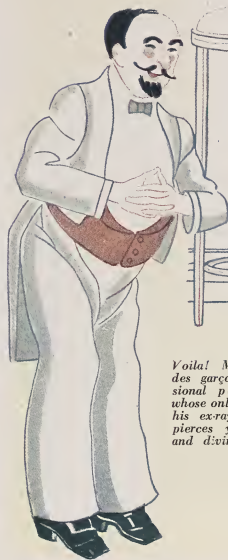
Madame Frou-Frou dines nightly at the Café de Paris and Solomon in all his glory could not show Madame up a bit. She is, as you see, très chic très élégante—in fact the lust word from the Rue de la Paix



Here Wynn has caught one of the many midnight café cavaliers—a typical Paris parlor pup. Pop pays the bills of this jeunesse d'or

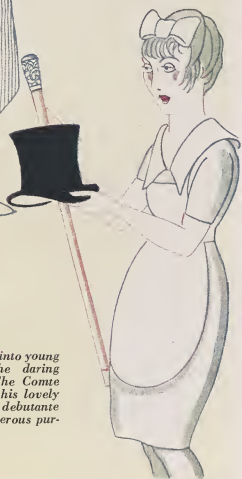


Below is that world wide evil, the coy and seductive hat hustler



Voilà! Monsieur le chef des garçons, the professional palate pleaser, whose only smile conceals his crooked eye, which pierces your bill-folder and d'vines your social status

At Ciro's Wynn ran right into young Comte de Tirjomb, the daring dandy and dilettante. The Comte is the pet of Paris and his lovely companion, with the debutante droop, is one of his numerous pursuers





*Le jazz has burst upon
Paris like the shock of a
big Bertha. The French
interpretation leaves
American shoulders cold
but—voilà—the French
like it*

Wynn Makes a Round

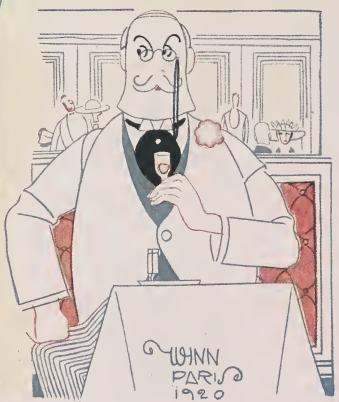


*Shimmy shakers? No, no!
It's not being done in
Paris. But Pierre and
little Madelon just love
the twisty tango, Superbe!
Ma chérie!*

*Even the erstwhile palace
of the Richelieus has
given way to jazz. Note
the scandalized ghost of
the cardinal in his unces-
tral home. How times
have changed!*



*Observe the gay old
dog. A man's as
old as he feels, you
know*





Two interesting examples of the art of Nicolas Konstantinovich Roerich. At the left is Mr. Roerich's pastel, "The Queen's Room," a setting for the drama, "The Princess Maleine"

Below is the mural, "The Garden of Lel," one of Mr. Roerich's best known pieces of work



The original mural canvas, "The Garden of Lel," was loaned to Shadowland by Mrs. John Garrett, of New York City

Roerich: Viking and Skald

By Babette Deutsch

Author of "Banners"

A CURIOUS chronicle that has come down to us from the ninth century tells how the Finns and the Slavs, who had long been troubled by northern pirates, drove these conquerors back over-seas, and set to govern themselves. But they were unused to being their own masters: "there was no more justice among them: families disputed with families, and there were discords, and they made war between themselves. Then said they, Let us seek for a prince to reign over us and judge us according to right." So they said to their Norse neighbors: "Our land is great and rich, but there is no order among us; come then and rule and govern us." And three brothers came to rule over them, of whom the eldest and most powerful was one Rurik.

A Russian poet has taken this bit of epic history and changed the name of its hero to that of one of the masters of modern Russian art—no more Rurik of old Novgorod (Russia's ancient capital)—but Roerich. "And again, as of old," says the poet, "he built for himself a stone town. The memory came back to him as in a dream, and he told us about the rocky shores, and about the seas where he used to sail with his retinue of warriors, about the giants, and the serpent, and the Terrible Angel. . . .

"He built for himself a stone town—as spacious and as free as great Novgorod that was called Master Novgorod—and the glare from his bonfires is again spreading hot and high over the Russian land."

The more one knows of Roerich's personal history, the closer seems the analogy between the painter and the legendary hero, Rurik. The artist, like the Prince, is descended from Scandinavian forebears. The artist like the Prince, came into Russia's rich heritage of Tartar fierceness, Orient splendor, the vast snowy steppe and the glowing fecundity of Bessarabia. The artist, like the Prince, is a conqueror.

When Nicolas Roerich was growing into manhood, over forty years ago, he lived on his father's estate in the country—an estate of thousands of acres: lakes and virgin forests full of beauty and mystery and haunted by the memory of a forgotten race. Here the boy would go hunting, with one taciturn companion, at first



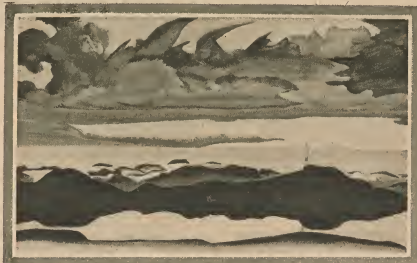
Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe

NICOLAS KONSTANTINOVICH ROERICH

for game, but later for traces of that ancient people whose relics lay buried in his father's soil, and whose strange funeral mounds lifted themselves over the waters. The influence of these years is strong even today, and there are a whole series of canvases built on the artist's archeological researches. His first teacher, strangely enough, was not a painter, but a sculptor. Roerich's treatment of masses, his solid columns, his pictures of old Russian towns, his scenes for the opera and the theater, bear witness to his early training.

His father, a barrister, did not want the young man to become an artist. The two compromised. In 1893 young Roerich entered the law faculty and at the same time

began studying under a mosaicist at the art academy. When, three years later, his painting, "The Messenger," was purchased by the Tretyakov Gallery of Moscow, the question of his career was forthwith solved. (Continued on page 74)



Roerich has all of Russia's rich heritage of Tartar fierceness, Orient splendor, the vast snowy steppe and the glowing fecundity of Bessarabia. Left, an interesting example of Roerich's art, a cloud study



Photograph by Ira Schwarz

DOROTHY IRVING

One of the most comely of the principals of "Tangerine"



Photograph © by Ray Huff

HAZEL DAWN

Who is the center of interest in A. H. Wood's newest comedy, "Gertie's Garter"



Photograph by Francis Brugiere

A NEW BARRIE HEROINE

*Ruth Chatterton in the title role of the Scot playwright's
newest drama, "Mary Rose"*

Portage Preferred

An Interview with Zona Gale

By Janet Flanner

"NEXT to Portage, I like New York," said Zona Gale.

Portage is the home of Miss Lulu Bett, Mama Bett and Dwightie Deacon. It is also the home of the author of "Miss Lulu Bett." Portage is a town of six thousand souls, high up in the state of Wisconsin. "It claims six thousand people, tho I believe there are more trees," Miss Gale added, truthfully.

There is nothing vivid about the woman who has written, according to critics, one of the vividest novels that has come out of the Middle West for a decade. Viewed for some thirty-five minutes, snatched between rehearsals the day before the premiere of her dramatization of "Miss Lulu Bett," Miss Gale seemed a figure pleasantly out of place in the brilliant, fervently metropolitan restaurant where she lunched. To its false lights, she added no momentary or sophisticated glow: to its bustle, she gave no gesture of reckless energy. She sat, an unobtrusive female figure, shadowed in brown furs, quiet but for a diffident smile which moved her mouth.

She is all of one piece—this Miss Gale. No feature of property fails her in coincidence. Her mouth, well-born but lacking in arrogance; her chin, passionately, femininely implacable, her tiny hands, with fingers so narrow as to look brittle (it is their proportions rather than their gestures that express; her quiet manner and muteness, all perfectly belong to the canvas she is. All look as tho she herself might tastefully



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

have selected them, along with her hat, coat and gloves, to be part of the portrait she makes of a refined American lady of long ago—a portrait of a product of a succession

of quiet inland homes, yet one unconcerned by its domesticities. Call Zona Gale a fragile, rare linen handkerchief, if you will—symbol of feminine refinement: one not mussed by daily usage, but rather pressed and scented by the cedar box (Continued on page 79)



Top, Zona Gale. Left, a scene from the dramatic version of "Miss Lulu Bett," with William E. Holden, Lois Shore, Louise Closser Hale, Beth Vardean and Catherine Calhoun Doucet

Photograph by Abbe



Photograph by Blank and Stoller

"Blue Eyes"



Photograph by
White Studios

Dainty Mollie King is a Broadway visitor in a new musical comedy, "Blue Eyes," not of particular consequence save that it brings the pastel charm of Miss King back to us. Lew Fields, the veteran comedian, co-stars with Miss King



Photograph by Nelson Evans, L. A.

THE 1921 DIRECTOR IN SESSION

An unusual study of Cecil de Mille discussing his screen visualization of Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol" with three stars who will appear in the love episodes of the Viennese comedy: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

ANDREAS PAVLEY

*A colorful study of the dancer, who is
one of the leaders of the Pavley-
Oukrainsky Ballet*



A
New
Personality
of the
Dance

Photographs by
Ches Miller, Chicago

Leatra Stiffler is an interesting terpsichorean newcomer. His work has attracted attention in Chicago, where he has a dance studio. Mr. Stiffler, by the way, has entered the Fame and Fortune Contest of the Breuster Publications



SHADOWLAND



NANCE O'NEIL

*A new camera study by the Hixon-
Connelly Studios*

Right, a recent portrait of James Reynolds, the young American who came into the spotlight thru his stage and costume designs for the "Greenwich Village Follies." Mr. Reynolds designed the costumes for the Cochran production, "The League of Nations," at the London Oxford Theater



Below, Mr. Reynolds' costume design for a Venetian lady-in-waiting



Left, another Venetian costume design



Right, another Reynolds' XIV Century design



An American Designer in London

Photographs Copyrighted
by E. O. Hoppe and
Dorien Leigh, Ltd., London



Photograph by Nickolas Muray



(Above) Lionel Atwill as Deburau. Atwill has remained the healthy, wholesome Englishman with a sane and balanced viewpoint. He is sincere and he is interested. He has the tolerance of catholicity

good manners and good form in an interview. They have been "overdone." So have most things. But what figure of speech or part of speech *are* we to use when a dressing-room is atmospheric and nothing but atmospheric, with harlequins hung sachaguitrily about, and all . . . ?

Mr. Atwill, however, was not atmospheric. Not as, for instance, you might suppose him to be, having seen him in such mordant roles as the Ibsen plays with Madame Nazimova, in "Tiger, Tiger" and so on.

This is a compliment. He might so easily have acquired all sorts of temperamental miasmas and got away with them. He has proved himself so delicately and convincingly the artist, he might have borrowed many attributes and been lauded the more for them.

The Man Who Is Deburau

By Gladys Hall

He has remained the healthy, wholesome Englishman, with a sane and balanced viewpoint which swings in almost perfect equipoise between the ultra-modern Pessimism and the lollipish Optimism.

He is sincere and he is interested. He has the tolerance of catholicity.

He believes the foreign playwrights are valuable to us because they possess, of necessity, a point of view our own playwrights could not have, and the stage should give us the dramas and visions beyond our touch and our shores.

He thinks the foreign actors interesting, but limited. They may do some one particular thing more intensively than the Anglo-Saxon but their range is curtailed.

Mr. Atwill believes that the first necessity to any artist is sincerity of belief in what he, or she, is doing.

So many of us are dilettantes in our chosen line, either consciously or unconsciously. We are apt to pose at any rate as being a bit cynical, a bit scornful, ever so gingerly contemptuous. Such is not in Mr. Atwill's

range of personal possibility.

He believes, for specific instance, in "Deburau." "There is a great deal," he said, "a great deal of satisfaction, too, in knowing that the man you are portraying really lived, really loved, really suffered. Fact lends a strong arm to portrayal. Far stronger than that of undiluted fiction. I have believed in the far possibilities of Deburau for some time. Before anyone else, I believe, saving Mr. Guitry himself."

"What is the great appeal of 'Deburau' as a play?" I asked, "it is so sad."

"I believed in it," Mr. Atwill said, tilting back in his chair, his hands thrust into his tweed pockets, enthusiastic . . . "but I must say that the way the people take it is constant revelation. The tears of the audience literally rise up to my very boots, and all that I can see are rows upon rows of white patches. The house resounds with pitiable sniffs of vicarious woe. Consider, too, the fact that Deburau is a case of where 'the man pays' rather than the more popular 'the woman pays.'"

"An interesting point," I mused aloud. "Now which do you . . . ?"

"It isn't very interesting, really," Mr. Atwill interposed.

(Continued on page 73)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

VIRGINIA VALLI

A popular film Actress now appearing in Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy"



So this is "Gertie's Garter"

The newest piquant boulevard farce of A. H. Woods vintage isyclept "Gertie's Garter." Avery Hopwood is the author responsible. On this page may be viewed Hazel Dawn, who plays the owner of the garter. Walter Jones, the comedian, appears in the picture to the right



Both photographs by White Studios



KATHLENE MARTYN,
Ziegfeld Roof favorite

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe



TERPSICHORE'S
NEWEST
EXPONENT

Arthur Corey is a Chicago lad who leaped into the limelight as the principal dancer at the Batik Ball and The Pageant of the East, two social events participated in by Chicago society. He is only eighteen but he may shortly be seen on the professional stage

Photographed by Modjeski of Chicago



BETTY COMPSON

*One of the rarely promising figures of the silversheet
Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe*

Vachel Lindsay: Apocalyptic Jazzite

By Benjamin de Casseres

THERE is no adventure like the discovery of an authentic Voice. There is nothing so rare as the discovery of the Voice.

Thin pipings, caterwaulings and fulgurant yawps are not Voices. All prophets make a noise, but few that make a noise are prophets.

There is the question of Voices in American poetry. In the past Walt Whitman was, of course, a Voice—maybe the Voice of the century. Longfellow was not a Voice. He was merely a Blue-Law Dude who sang mezzo-soprano in public.

Poe was a Voice—the wild voice of Israfel singing on tombs; a vast subliminal Voice, with a harp for a larynx. Mother Whittier crooned, but had no Voice. There was a lordly Voice in "Thanatopsis", but Bryant got lost in the barnyards of journalism.

To-day Carl Sandburg sees, but cannot utter. Amy Lowell has been made a soprano by acclamation—therefore there is no Voice there. Ezra Pound is a clean steal from everything and everybody. He is an exquisite nonentity.

Other little birds pipe at my window. Mostly dealcoholized home brew. They all lack passion, furor and elemental personality. Louis Untermeyer is a fine wood-carver, for instance. He is perfect; therefore dead. Is Edwin Markham a Voice? Hardly. At most, the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of Socialism. He thinks; therefore he is not a great poet.

The one man living today who has got under my skin is Vachel Lindsay. Like Edgar Lee Masters, of "The Spoon River Anthology", he is really an American. Rare bird in the arts—an American!

What is essentially American today? In ramming our Aaron's rod into the Melting Pot where do we tap the abysmal underground waters or a solid mass of earth?

Jazz. Camp-meeting. The circus.

We are the Beethovens of Dissonance. We are born revivalists. We worship clowns. This is the culture of America up to date—plus a mania for material size. The essential America of today was born out of the Yawp of Walt Whitman, the Kingdom Come of Moody and Sankey, the superb hoaxes of Barnum and Poe and the childlike mystical faith in the Dollar.

I know of no man who

has put so much of this into his books as Vachel Lindsay. A born poet of Promethean flame, he rants about these things with something of the rant of the Old Testament ranters.

He is both child and Titan—which is America.

He is both raw and sentimental—which is America.

He is both realist and seer—which is America.

I am one of those paradoxical optimists who believe that our Deah Country is going straight to the Denimition Bow-Wows—both the Bow-Wows are Cerberus and his pack who guard the gates of hell.

It is written in the Invisible Scroll that countries as well as individuals must make the descent to Avernus before they can conquer the Kingdom of Heaven—which is still within us. Our pride is now walking before a fall.

It is good to meet on the way a careless Nietzschean soul who chants "Boom-boom-boom-a-laddy-boom—let us celebrate our descent. Bing-bang! We are going somewhere, and we don't care where! The Going is the thing! Here's my Handy-Guide for all you beggars! Carry the flame of Beauty in your breast!—that is all ye need to carry."

That's about the way, I take it, that Vachel Lindsay feels about the matter. It is tonic. It is uproarious. Let the heavens fall in—but Vachel will sing. There is no good, no evil; whatever is is poetry! Amen!

Lindsay lately invaded England, slapped the Old Top on the back at Oxford and in the Athenaeum Club. It is rumored he sang "The Daniel Jazz" in Westminster Abbey and bawled "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Man of Boston," from the top of the Trafalgar Monument. He astounded and jarred Old Top—sizz—boom! Nothing like it Over There since Joaquin Miller walked over the throne in his cowhides and Buffalo Bill sounded the Strong whoop in the Coliseum.

Our Vachel is the only bona-fide descendant of Walt Whitman—not a disciple. No original mind is ever the disciple of another. Somebody lately said: "I can conceive of Walt hailing Vachel as a pal on the star-blown way where he would not recognize Horace Traubel or Edward Carpenter."

Lindsay goes up and down our world distributing his pamphlets on Beauty—a veritable Hobo of Beauty. Has he yet intoned one of his (Continued on page 72)



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

GRACE LA RUE
Starring on Broadway in "Dear Me"



EBB TIDE

*An unusual photographic study
by Edward R. Dickson*

SHADOWLAND



DANTE

*Camera study by
E. O. Hoppe*

Morals and America

By Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D.

Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau

[Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts is the recognized head of the reform movement in this country. He has expressed himself as at variance with Shadowland's reproductions of pictures and, consequently, the Editor called upon him for a clean-cut expression of his views upon morality. It is interesting to note his opinion which is herewith reproduced in its entirety—exactly as it came to the editorial offices.]

Says Dr. Crafts:

"Babylon and Athens both fell when they were centers of art and culture, partly because they put beauty above duty, the beauty of the nude, regardless of moral effects. 'Art for art's sake.' The world is strewn with the graves of buried nations, which died not of 'free trade' or 'free silver' but of free love; not of currency but of moral cancer. And these dead nations were lands of art, which, instead of saving them, accelerated their fall by making a beautiful Lucifer of the devil of lust."

WITH your three artistic magazines before me I am glad to respond to your request to write on moral standards in magazine art. I write not alone or chiefly as a reformer, for I have visited great temples of art at home and abroad.

The fundamental fact I keep in mind is, that there were no nude female figures in the Periclean age, the supreme period of sculpture, the greatest works of which are found in the Vatican Gallery, regarded as the world's chief treasure house of art. Every female figure in that gallery is draped and carving drapery is the masterpiece of sculpture—far more difficult than the exact reproduction of a naked body. A stone cutter could do that.

One who cannot see Periclean sculpture in Greece or Rome can see it, chronologically arranged, in bound volumes of large pictures in the Philadelphia Public Library, and, doubtless, in other American libraries.

That illustrated history of all great sculpture shows that Greece produced no naked Venus till the nation had begun to decline in mental, as well as physical virility, and had been conquered by Philip of Macedon. Art declined with patriotism and prowess, and inferior artists found it necessary to make their art appeal not alone to the eye and mind, but to the passions in order to get attention and purchasers.

Many who put on airs as masters of art, bulldoze those who shrink at lasciviousness and sheer nakedness in art by charging they lack artistic sense, but I grieve such with the historic fact that the most artistic statues of womanhood, those of Diana and Minerva and others in the Vatican Gallery, are representations of superbly draped womanhood—not lascivious, nude portraits of giddy artist's models.

The only Venus that comes to us from the Periclean Age, the Venus de Milo, is but a draped representation of dignified womanhood, with no lascivious suggestion about it.

That is a good study for a moral standard in artistic treatment of the female form. It is a standing figure, not reclining; a dignified figure with no suggestiveness in face or pose or place; and it is draped, not stark and bare.

From my first tour of European art galleries I brought home a large portfolio of photographs of the finest nude female statues, which the nude were not passion-stirring to me nor to my educated friends, either men or women. Some of these photographs I framed for

walls and mantels of my home, and others I laid in portfolios on my parlor table. But I soon discovered that such pictures were not mere art to the average young people, even those of a religious congregation, and I laid them away to be shown only to the few friends sufficiently educated, to get only cultured enjoyment from

their beauty. That is my mature conviction as to even the most chaste of nude art, and copies of it—that it should not be spread before those unprepared to receive its artistic message.

Tho an artist is supposed to paint for the love of it, with no lowering of his standards, to get either attention or pay for his picture, artists are quite human, not always indifferent to the fact that a picture that in some way appeals to passion is more likely to be both noticed and purchased.

Both the history of the past and the courts of the present afford very practical tests of what art is harmful to individuals and nations.

Babylon and Athens both fell when they were centers of art and culture, partly because they put beauty above duty, the beauty of the nude, regardless of moral effects—"art for art's sake." The world is strewn with the graves of buried nations, which died not of "free trade" or "free silver," but of free love; not of currency, but of moral cancer. And these dead nations were lands of art, which, instead of saving them, accelerated their fall by making a beautiful Lucifer of the devil of lust.

France, tho she made a great fight for life in the world war, has long been a subject of anxiety to her own loyal statesmen because the birth rate has tended to fall below the death rate.

If anything artistic is in actual effect demoralizing and destructive it must give way to public welfare.

The chief difficulty of the editor who is trying to picture not imaginary women but the living actresses of today, without this forbidden obscenity, is that a reckless un-American mood has come on our American girls since the World War.

Commentators say Mary Magdalen was not a Magdalen, but she must have needed careful chaperoning when she was "possessed by seven devils." Our American girls today, many of them, are surely possessed by seven devils: the devil of immodest dress; the devil of the suggestive song; the devil of the yellow magazine; the devil of the lewd drama; the devil of the vampire film; the devil of the barnyard dance; and the devil of the cabaret, where drink intensifies the indecencies of the dances borrowed from savages and demi-monde.

The painted, powdered and puffed doll of a girl is making a "sex appeal" that is far more likely to end in seduction than matrimony. I do not wonder seventeen millions of our people between twenty-two and forty

(Continued on page 65)



Above, Dora Duby, a toe dancer appearing in "The Midnight Rounders," the revue atop the Century Theater. At the right is Ada Forman, whose terpsichorean work is a feature of the entertainment

On the Century Roof

Special Photographs
by the White Studios



At the right is Sally Long, one of the attractive personalities among the Century girls



Very much at the left is Phoebe Lee, whose good old Virginia name graces the program of the Century roof show. Phoebe admits being of the F. F. V.



Photograph © by Eugene Hutchinson of Chicago

ANNA PAVLOVA

The danseuse whose Terpsichorean wanderings have taken her around the globe and back to America

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

The Lady with the Green Cape

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

"TEA?" asked the Lady amiably, and prepared to fill one of the shimmering cups with her favorite brew, but the Poet refused vehemently the offered refreshment.

"Tea," he echoed almost contemptuously, "tea? Never! At least not to-day. Imagine someone should have offered Belshazzar, just after he had read the writing on the wall, a cup of tea. What incongruity! Nothing but a cup of dark, red, fiery wine held to blanched and trembling lips would have served in this case, and my case is similar."

"How so?" demanded the Lady smilingly. "Have you also seen the moving finger?"

"I have seen worse," the Poet declared. "I have seen the Lady with the Green Cape."

"The Lady with the Green Cape?" asked his listener—and there was the faintest hint of displeasure in her voice, for she rather disliked to see the Poet strangely moved by any other lady—"the Lady with the Green Cape? Who is she? Do I know her?"

"Know her?" exclaimed the Poet with mirthless laughter. "Know her? Why, you bow to her constantly. She holds absolute sway over you. She prevents you from doing most of the delightful things your heart prompts you to do in order to make me really happy. She is your god-ess, and my sworn enemy, and I have just met her face to face."

"Don't be silly," said the Lady chidingly, "and don't talk nonsense. If it is just a pose, just a whim, get over it; but if it is a story, then tell it to me."

"Very well," said the Poet, "the story shall be told. I shall introduce you to the greatest, the most menacing, the most inescapable and withal the most ridiculous power that sways our destiny—to the Lady with the Green Cape."

"I met her in the Subway just as I was coming to you. The hour was an hour of lull when there is no rush and hurry. The empty trains seemed to roll along by mere force of habit. I sat in a corner of the desolate car. A young mother and her child occupied a nearby seat, while in the opposite corner sat the Lady with the Green Cape."

"You do see the scene before you, don't you? The green cape looked ridiculously old fashioned and shabby; and the lady stared into the

air with a queer look in her eye—a kind of uncanny vague intensity—without taking the slightest notice of us other passengers. Meanwhile mother and child were talking to each other in those strident whisperings which are clearer and more distinct than the shouts of a crowd. The child demanded some fruit or sweets which he meant to eat right there and then, but the mother explained how ill-mannered such behaviour would be."

The Poet reached for a cigarette and the Lady sympathized with the little boy. She quoted something on the rights of children, but the Poet made a deprecating gesture.

"Don't," he said; "it was not at all a sweet little boy, it was a little wretch. He kept on insisting and insisting till the mother became exasperated and exclaimed at last: 'No—the idea! What would the Lady with the Green Cape think of you?'"

"And the little boy?" asked the Lady, amused.

"Strange to say," replied the Poet, "these words, these irrelevant, inane words impressed the impetuous little fellow greatly. Shyly he looked across at the Lady with the Green Cape, and the longer he looked the more he seemed to realize how reprehensible was his wild unruly appetite. He sighed, nestled closer to his mother and resigned him-

self to a candyless journey."

"How queer!" said the Lady wonderingly. "Why was the child afraid of the Lady with the Green Cape?"

"That's what I asked myself sitting in my corner," replied the Poet. "I began to ponder this riddle. Why did the funny, senseless formula, 'What would the Lady with the Green Cape think of you?' have so powerful an influence over the wilful boy? Why should he care what the Lady with the Green Cape would or would not think of him? Of what mystic import was her opinion to him? Was it the Lady or rather the extraordinary Green Cape that impressed and forced him into submission? Wild, troublesome and yet so foolish a child! Why did he not reply: 'I want my fruit, and I don't care what the Lady with the Green Cape thinks about it?' And then, turning to the Lady: 'You tell me, why?'"

"Well, to be sure, I don't know," said the (Continued on page 75)



VIOLET HEMING

A new © study of the actress by Ray Huff

The Movies in Movement

By W. L. George

[This is the second of two articles by the distinguished British novelist. Mr. George has been an earnest student of the photoplay and his words have unusual significance.]

IN considering the limitations of the film, it is right also to take note of its achievements. If we compare the film with the theater, which on the whole I think unfair (a point of view which it is important to stress), it is clear that while the film fails to do certain things possible to the theater, the theater equally fails in doing things possible to the film. To that extent the comparison is false, because the theater relies on spoken drama rather than on sets and movements, while the film does the reverse. Still, the high-brow insists on comparing the screen play with the stage play, and I must follow him.

One of the ways in which the film prevails over the theater is the size and elaboration of effects. I don't think I am a barbarian, and I recognize that I have seen on the stage many a setting of mountain and forest that was beautiful and comparatively real; I will also acknowledge that realism may not be the best method to create the illusion of reality. I will even admit that in the Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket," I was not shocked by being asked to believe that three stools piled on one another represented a steep hill. But, all the same, no scenery made of cloth and plaster can give the illusion that you obtain on the film when you behold Yellowstone Valley or Niagara Falls. There is not room on the stage. You cannot float a steamer on the stage, or run a horse race, which latter I saw tried on a revolving stage at Drury Lane. Nor on the stage can you venture on a crowd of more than a hundred. I need not labour this, because the stage can be only illusion, while the film can be reality. You may say that you don't want reality, but the reply is that you need not have it. Don't frequent the movies if you don't like them, but do not deny their possibilities.

It follows that the enormous size and detail of film production can favour vast conceptions. Stage scenes relating to war are generally silly; a couple of dozen wretched people, for a dollar a show, let off toy pistols and fail to thrill us. But, on the film, we can bombard Atlanta and set it in flames. We can show a complete historical period. We can, in a single picture, exhibit an endless area seen from an aeroplane. This is nothing in itself, but it gives reality to the scene.

Another point is that the film has changed a great deal since its birth, and that the subjects which it selects have immensely improved. I am not talking of the educational films, illustrating the life of plants, insects, penguins, etc., admirable though they may be, because I am here concerned with this question: Can the film produce a work of art? Now, if we consider our early films, we should be heartened into optimism. One of the first films I ever saw, nearly twenty

years ago, was a comedy. In it somebody was pursued by every means of locomotion. He escaped into a house. The pursuers entered the next house, to get on to the roof. The roof was broken down by the pursuers, fell on the fugitive, who, with it, fell through the ceiling, then through the next, and from ceiling to ceiling into the ground floor, etc. Even the high-brow will confess that nothing so idiotic as this would be produced on the screen today. When you compare a film of that sort with some marvelous French films, showing in detail a complex surgical operation, you will agree that the thing that matters, namely, the mind behind the screen, is becoming infinitely more cultured. It is also becoming more artistic, and I have full faith in its future.

Also, though this may go too far, the film has over the stage the advantage that it can picture different scenes in swift succession. If in the theater you have in Act I the moated grange, it takes five or six minutes to substitute the cottage on the heath. Also the sets are so dear that it is impossible to have more than five acts. The film, on the other hand, changes the scene in a single second, and gives you as many scenes as you like. You say: What is the use of that? I reply: "It makes the action more vivid. While the heroine is peacefully rocking her cradle, you can, in horror, see the villain creeping up the stairs with a drawn knife. The repeated alternation between these two scenes produces an intensity that could be obtained on the stage only by concealing the villain from the eyes of the heroine. Then the audience, seeing them both together, would be wearied by suspended action. Hence the loss of intensity. Or the villain would have to strike at once. Hence a loss of cumulative intensity."

If we assume that the foregoing has failed to soothe the offended feelings of the high-brow, I think it is fair to ask him to consider the school of actors that has been produced by the film. They are not fully recognized; people seem to hold the extraordinary idea that a man or woman makes up yellow, stands before the camera, grins, and there you are. Or they never think about the actor at all. A typical high-brow said to me the other day: "The film is not a piano, it's a pianola. Again, this is enough to make one weep. It exposes the high-brow's complete aloofness from the art of film-acting. He seems to imply that any fool can stand before a camera and impersonate a character, in the same way as the same fool can sit at the pianola and play Wagner correctly!"

In fact, the cineplayers are, on an average, far more competent than the stage actors. I can say, on an average: I am not going to make a comparison between Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and, say, Mr. William Gillette; between Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Mary Nash. I cannot say too often that they are not doing the same thing. What I do say is that many an actress does well on the stage because she has a pretty face, or a rich backer to put money into the play, while on the film, where
(Continued on page 74)

"What is the future of the film?" says W. L. George. "One can not absolutely say, but, in general, in the case of any young form of art it may be suspected that its future is its present. . . . more so. By which I mean that if the cinema has for a long time been on the up grade, it will go higher for a time, just as the theater, which for six years has been on the down grade, may go lower. "For one thing, the speed of pictures will go down, so that there will be more time for subtlety of expression, more time to enable the audience to understand the complex emotions."

Mrs. Fiske and the American Drama

By
Louis Raymond Reid

THE penetrating coldness of an early spring day takes on a warmth and a glow as unusual as it is welcome when one encounters a luxurious lounge in a cozy dressing-room of Henry Miller's Theater—and Mrs. Fiske. Such a combination of circumstances makes it difficult, indeed, for the interviewer to withdraw and permit an unusually busy actress to attend to the many demands upon her time. The room was so cheery and the comments of Mrs. Fiske so thoroughly enlivening that I began to feel uncomfortably presumptuous as I delayed. However, I delayed.

Such an amiable conversation with the star of "Wake Up, Jonathan" in a most engaging mood! We talked of art and the theater, of the Brevoort and New Orleans, of American alarums and excursions in the amusement world, of playwrights and marmalade.

A vibrant figure is Mrs. Fiske, her cheeks glowing with color, a gay scarf falling at intervals flirtatiously to her eyes which necessitated constant attention. I plunged boldly into the sea of generalities.

"A distinctly new character in the theater you are giving us?" I suggested.

"If you mean that I am playing a woman of rare but always engaging common sense—yes," she replied. "Most wives and mothers, neglected by their husbands for a period of ten years would have been apt, I presume, to go into a devastating passion once the brutal spouse returned. A withering emotional scene would have been the result. And how the American playwright would have enjoyed writing it! But in this instance the neglected wife is an intelligent, sensible woman. She doesn't talk much. She is, however, thinking a good deal, and her strategy of cool and collected nerves makes her conquest of the caveman husband comparatively easy."

"There has been a criticism in certain quarters that Jonathan is too heavily sketched, that no man who had amassed \$100,000,000 would have behaved so clumsily and unwittingly," I ventured.

"There are all kinds of millionaires," she answered in her familiar staccato manner. "You must remember



Photograph © by Morrall, Rochester

Jonathan had been accustomed to having his own way, that he never encountered any genuine opposition until he returned home and that once he found it he was for the time nonplussed, embarrassed, primitive, if you will.

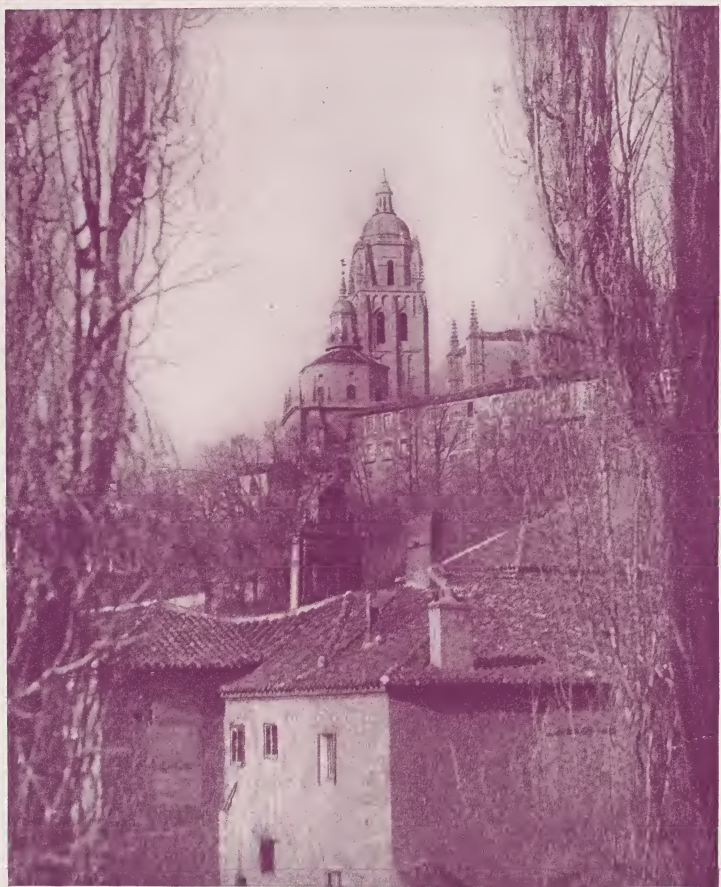
"It is a capital comedy idea that is presented in the play," she went on. "But after all, it is a fairy play, tho it possesses an undercurrent of satire upon the methods and manners of big business men."

Mrs. Fiske talked of the effectiveness of the setting—the living room of the old Blake homestead that seemed, as she said, to have been inhabited for generations.

"I can only think of one setting that surpassed it in this suggestion of home-y atmosphere," she said, "and that was in a play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared many years ago. I don't recall the name now. But I'll never forget that room. It seemed to have belonged to the family always, fixed over from generation to generation, with the old tradition and atmosphere, nevertheless, maintained.

(Continued on page 70)

"What matters in drama," says Mrs. Fiske, "is the genuineness of the emotion that is reached. Rules are of no concern. If the play succeeds in getting into one's heart, it is a work of art"



Photograph by Sherrill Schell

SEGOVIA

Segovia is one of the beautiful and picturesque towns of old Spain. Here, within the shade of the cathedral tower, Zuloaga, the painter, has a studio

The National Dance of Spain

By Charles W. Bonner, Jr.

AMERICANS, like other peoples, are interested in the dance, in moving rhythmically to music. So they are constantly inventing dances, more or less arbitrarily, to give this interest satisfying expression. The Spanish dance is different: it has been evolved rather than invented. There is nothing arbitrary about it. It is a simple expression of the people—the Spanish nation poetized and set to music.

No other traditional dance is so expressive of the people to which it belongs. They are too fragmentary. Summon up pictures of *houris* whirling dizzily in the monotony



Photograph (left) by I. Walker, Madrid

No traditional dance is so expressive of the people to which it belongs as that of Spain. It is the Spanish nation poetized and set to music. Above, La Yankee (Reyes Castize, the 16-year-old idol of Madrid). Oddly, La Yankee was born in Cleveland in 1905, altho she lived there but a year. Now she is the dancing sensation of Spain. Left, Nerina, of the gypsy province of Andalusia, in the flamenco dance, her cordobel hat at a rakishly insolent angle

of the oriental dance, or the noisy clatter of Dutch shoes, or the merry hopping of the Highland fling, or squatting Russian peasants with folded arms alternating their sedentary support by kicking their feet into the air, or loosely attired maidens seeking to reconstruct the lost Greek art of Terpsichore by balancing

themselves on one nude limb and tossing wasted kisses into the unfeeling air. More narratively complete are the Spanish dances, more faithfully pantomimic, more eloquent in background, suggestive of that curiously interesting story in the history of the people; the meeting, conflict and final welding of two different races—



Photograph (above) by Calvache, Madrid
Photograph (right) by L. Walker, Madrid

East and West—the mutual antagonisms of each searching out in the other depths which had otherwise never been plumbed.

It might be supposed, however, that, in these iconoclastic days when the world is manifesting an enthusiasm for the "modern" dance which threatens, if not to cast folk dances into complete oblivion, at least to relegate them to that deep and chill sepulchre whence they are exhumed periodically by young women's colleges and exhibited as "quaint and historical", that the native Spanish choreography is suffering neglect or unhappy alteration. It is not so. Outside the metropolitan centers such as Madrid and Barcelona, Spain is relatively untouched by the modern movement.

Spanish dancing is living, vital, direct art. Briefly, that explains its tenacity, explains why it has escaped the modifications of subtly distracting influences and the frank ravages of the modern conception of the dance. Thru the centuries, protected by geographical barriers which have so effectually saved Spain from foreign domination, and by her provincialism and confidence in nationality, Spain has had the opportunity to evolve an art which approaches perfection. It has been arrived at via the route which has always led to artistic merit—endless repetition of the same thing, subordination of individuality to ceaseless copying and improving of accepted models. So it was that Greek architecture and sculpture, Italian pictures, Gothic churches were evolved, and so it is that we have the Spanish dance.



Photograph (right) by Calvache, Madrid

Of course, despite popular American opinion, Spain has suffered some alteration since Washington Irving's day. The low-ceilinged café is gone, with its impromptu entertainment of guitar-playing and gypsy dances. But there are in existence other places of amusement equally genuine. The London Globe Theater of Elizabethan days has passed away, but the plays of the "bard of Avon" are still being faithfully reproduced. It is further true that the national dance of the country has acquired a modern dress in its presentation, but the evidence of authorities who observed acutely enough centuries ago is sufficiently convincing that the new garment has not altered the spirit of the thing itself.

Today, there are several mediums for the presentation of the *baile español*—the legitimate theater, the vaudeville house, the *café chantant*, the *kursaal* (an adaptation from the German), etc. It is in the *café chantant* of Seville where it is seen at its best. Not even a Spaniard, living in a remote part of the country and loving passionately his own province, would have the temerity to speak of things truly representative of the gaiety of Spain without interjecting the pleasure-loving Seville somewhere in his exposition.

It repays one most to enter one of these places at

Left top, Irene Cuellar, a Madrilena, best known for her modern interpretations of the traditional dances. Lower right, Soledad Miralles, of Seville. Senorita Miralles is hailed as the logical successor of Pastora Imperie, Spain's greatest gypsy dancer. Center, Isabelita Ruiz, pronounced by Madrid artists to possess "the loveliest form in all Spain." Senorita Ruiz is wearing the high comb and mantilla of the Maja

about two o'clock in the morning, at the flood-tide of laughing, jesting, picturesque lounging people who overflow the (Cont, on page 66).



A Free Verse Troubadour

By Pierre Loving

IT has remained for Jean Catel, the French critic, in the Mercure de France to appreciate and discover emotional beauty and stylisation in the dramatic poems of Alfred Kreymborg.

"With Alfred Kreymborg," he says in a recent issue, "Imagism becomes a dramatic art as it is a poetic art with Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, H. D. and others. 'Imagism,' M. Catel resumes, 'is quite universal. It numbers its representatives in America and in England. In France we are much concerned with 'Hai-Kai,' or synthetic impressionism. In several places Romanticism is beginning to shed its skin. It is being refined. The giant is becoming a Tanagra statuette. In America this movement of emotional stylisation, if I may thus define it, is already old. It seems, however, that the works of Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher showed at first more marked characteristics of it. Kreymborg was already known. 'Mushrooms' caused a certain stir. His annual anthologies are precious: they give, assembled in one pretty volume, a choice collection of the new poetry."

"The 1919 volume brings together the names of Conrad Aiken, Emmanuel Carnevali, Jeanne d'Orge, Robert Frost, Arturo Giovannitti, Vachel Lindsay, Max Michelson, Lola Ridge, Carl Sandburg, Evelyn Scott, etc., whose cited works are as different in tone as the singers are in origin." Thus M. Catel.

The great majority of the American public, although it may have heard of Alfred Kreymborg as an eccentric poet, a startling innovator rather leniently to be tolerated than read with serious interest, knows little about his position in contemporary literature as a discoverer of new poets. For many years Mr. Kreymborg has put his slender magazine, brought out irregularly when ever funds were available, at the service of a group of young poets, many of whom have since received wider recognition in the more popular magazines. In this sense Kreymborg has proved himself a true pathfinder. He has not been content merely with beating his own drum and blowing his own bassoon. To open the difficult gates of the magazine offices and publishers' sanctuaries to new voices in American poetry has been his constant

preoccupation. Among the poets whom he actually presented to the American public for the first time in "Others" are Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Adelaide Crapsey, Mary Carolyn Davies and Helen Hoyt, while Lola Ridge, author of "The Ghetto" and the remarkable book of poems, "Sun Up," which has just appeared, was one of his associate editors.

Previous to the founding of "Others", in 1915, Kreymborg edited a monthly magazine called "The Glebe." The first Imagist Anthology ever printed appeared in this magazine. In the task of gathering together this collection which occupies an historic place in the growth of contemporary verse, Kreymborg was assisted by Ezra Pound, American critic and poet now residing in England. The first batch of Imagist poems to arrive was wrapped up in a butcher's parcel much travel-worn by its trip across the ocean. Mr. Pound, it seems, in his enthusiastic haste to despatch the cargo of poems had used only one thickness of wrapping paper.

Kreymborg's first volume, entitled "Mushrooms," created something of a sensation. Among those who read the book at all were some who openly accused Kreymborg of conscious obscurity; while others said it was pleasant

enough buffoonery but had no value as poetry. Kreymborg did not merely break the ancient moulds, but he cast out the traditional stanzaic and metrical forms with a nonchalance which was irritating to the classical critics. His meaning, moreover, was not quite clear on first reading. He delighted in strange figures of speech, exotic allusions and syncopations of sense, that eluded the grasp of the lazy reader. All those who had been accustomed to having their poetry served up in prettified and severely simple forms scoffed loudly. Others went about their business as if he did not exist.

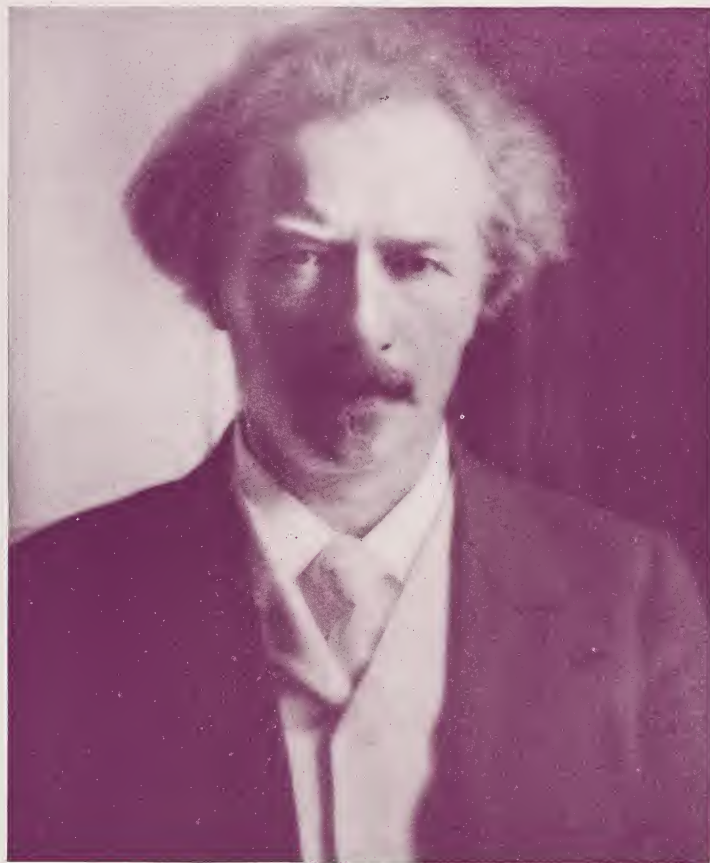
"Poem Mimes," "The Blood of Things" and "Plays for Merry Andrews" followed. In these three volumes Kreymborg showed that his pristine ardor for innovation had not been dimmed by the negligence of the public. He went a step further. He decided that if the mountain would not come to him, like Mohammed, he would go to the (Continued on page 68)



Photograph by Edward Weston, L.A.

ALFRED KREYMBORG

The poet as he appeared in a pantomime interpretation of his poem, "Balloons"



Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

The newest portrait study of the musician who gave up his brilliant career as a pianist to cast his destiny with his native Poland. There he became premier. Recently he returned to America for a rest. With his return he definitely announced his retirement from the world of music

The Sick World Stands on the Threshold

Shall humanity or anarchy reign? asks Sir Philip Gibbs

By Frederick James Smith

DOES the good old earth face world anarchy? Is the destiny of the white race trembling in the balance? Are a few old statesmen, plotting their petty gain, leading the race to destruction?

These are questions we asked Sir Philip Gibbs in the quiet and exclusive library of the Lotos Club in the West Fifties. Its ultra correct atmosphere seemed hardly the place to consider such disturbing problems. Yet why not? Was not Sir Philip Gibbs the one newspaper man whose vivid battlefield reporting brought him to success—and knighthood? And was not Sir Philip Gibbs the one fearless writer with courage enough to unmask the fallacy of war in "Now It Can Be Told"? Anyway, we offered the questions. And Sir Philip Gibbs, who had the night before been wildly heckled by Irish sympathizers during a lecture, considered them.

"The world—Europe in particular—does indeed face anarchy," he admitted. "It is possible that we are now witnessing the beginning of the downfall of the British Empire and, consequently, of the white race. It is possible that the cupidity and craftiness of certain leaders, carried away with greed and revenge, may bring us to the actual downfall of all government. It is even possible that the civilization we built up stone by stone for 1,500 years may tumble to the dust and that we will step back into the Dark Ages, with all Europe wallowing in blood.

"These things are possible. I do not believe they will come about. You see, I view things optimistically. I think we are even now beginning to see light far ahead. But, unless we shape our course in the direction of humanity, they loom menacingly ahead.

"Consider the present problem Germany offers to the rest of the world. Obviously, here is a nation which, through its brutality and ruthlessness, deserves punishment—if we are to consider things by old standards. Now I do not know whether or not Germany can pay the indemnity claims put forward by the late allied nations. I have questioned bankers everywhere and they all disagree. It is, after all, a matter of pure guessing.



Photograph by Walter McKenzie

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

"But I put all financial debating aside and look at the human side. Let us not forget that Germany is an integral part of Europe and of the white race. Let us suppose that we enforce the terms of peace to the fullest and grind down Germany to the last cent for half a century. The morale of the nation will be crushed, Germany will be a mere blot on the map. Meanwhile, England, France and the other nations will have been plunging ahead selfishly and unscrupulously. New bitternesses will have grown year by year. Europe will be a chaos of vengeful lust. The result will be a crash. Germany will be sure to collapse, and, if Germany goes, we all go."

As we were interviewing Sir Philip Gibbs, the allied armies were crossing the Rhine to enforce the penalties of Germany's first failure to meet her peace terms. Thus the war correspondent's words came with unusual significance. "I doubt if the nations could be brought to the point of another great war

now," he said. "The world is heart sick of bloodshed. But I believe France will press its claim upon Germany to the limit. Every Frenchman believes that his nation will collapse unless the German indemnity is collected to the last penny. The depleted value of the franc reveals the financial peril of France. So it is that you will find the majority of Frenchmen for complete revenge. Militarism is in the saddle there because France believes it is its one hope.

"England, on the other hand, has just faced a stiff labor crisis, but I believe has come thru. Our unemployment situation was far more acute than yours in America. Our area is infinitely smaller and the unrest and suffering were infinitely greater in direct ratio. The collapse of inflated wages came about as a necessity. No one is more for the working man than I, but I can see the necessity for wage reductions.

"Now the average Englishman—the fellow in the streets—does not believe we can exact the full indemnity from Germany, or indeed that it is there to exact. And he takes

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Jacob Epstein, Sculptor

By Horace Brodzky

SOME twenty years ago it was predicted by a writer in *The Critic*, a now defunct magazine, that the youthful Jacob Epstein, then in his teens, would one day have a big artistic success. The writer in that magazine had no inkling that his prediction would come true in the way it has. As a sculptor, and not as a painter, Epstein has succeeded beyond all expectations. He returns to his native New York in an enviable position.

Jacob Epstein was born in 1880 on the East Side, in Hester Street. He was raised in the immediate vicinity. In those days he belonged to a young band of artists, several of whom have since become prominent in their profession. Epstein was a painter, too, and it was at the Educational Alliance that he first showed his paintings. About this time he made illustrations for *Harper's* and other magazines. He illustrated books, one of which was "The Spirit of the Ghetto" by Hutchins Haggood.

The news that he will return to the city of his birth this spring has been hailed with delight by all lovers of art, and the fact that he left these shores as an illustrator and painter, and that he returns as the greatest living sculptor, is of singular interest.

At the age of seventeen Epstein left America for Paris, and it was there that he found himself. In the "City of Light" the real Epstein emerged and showed himself. It was in Paris that he abandoned painting and turned to sculpture.

Being a resident of Paris, London, which is but a seven hours' journey, of course knew him. Such it was with Epstein. He was continually backward and forward between the French and English capitals, and his work was equally well known in both.

After some time, Epstein went to London to remain permanently, and one of the first works that he undertook was the carving of the figures on the façade of the Medical Institute in The Strand. This work was won in competition. These carvings have since become known as the "Strand Statues." At the time of their completion they created a scandal, much discussion and wild talk. They were declared immoral and indecent. Epstein had dared to present the human figure unadorned, as it is in nature, and without modifications. The two sexes were shown in all their

natural beauty. The storm raged for many months, and after much discussion the episode was finally closed. The "Strand Statues" still remain as Epstein carved them, for all to see.

Epstein seemed to be always in trouble. He was dubbed the bad boy of art. Whatever he did brought forth condemnation from the public, while his brother artists would not accept him as one of themselves. All this, however, had little effect on him. He made no concessions. He heeded no one.

When the Oscar Wilde Tomb was erected in Pere Lachaise cemetery in Paris, after being exhibited in London at the sculptor's studio, a veritable tornado of abuse was let loose. More controversy was caused over this work than over any other ever shown on French soil. It was declared offensive to public taste, and the cemetery officials declined to allow it to be unveiled. Later the so-called offensive parts were covered with plaster, but this caused more trouble. Epstein refused to make any modifications in the work. When it was hinted that another sculptor would be employed to remove the so-called offensive parts if Epstein refused to do it himself, he threatened that if any tampering was done with his work he would carve on the side of the tomb and in deep letters, "Modified by order of the French Government." Fortunately Epstein

was not forced to resort to such extreme measures.

Finally, and without much ado and with scant ceremony, the tomb was privately unveiled before a few admirers. The work was exposed to view as the sculptor had intended it. Once more Epstein triumphed.

Since then Epstein has from time to time been the center of little flurries. I remember his "Rock Drill" and his "Carving in Flénite." The former consisted of a genuine American-made rock drill that one sees any day being used in our city. High on top of this was perched an emaciated and bent figure, seemingly working the drill. The "Carving in Flénite" was an embryo figure in the shape of a query mark. This is in the collection of John Quinn of this city. Both these works caused discussion. Then came his "Risen Christ."

This "Risen Christ," a recent work, caused another outburst.

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JACOB EPSTEIN

The sculptor at work on his much talked about "Maternity"

A Psycho-Analytical Macbeth, a Realistic "Miss Lulu Bett" and a Popular "Nice People"

By The Critic

THE recent realistic trend of our literature produced, along with "Main Street," "Moon-Calf," "Poor White" and kindred others, an interesting and unusual tale of small-town life, "Miss Lulu Bett," written by a middle Westerner, Zona Gale.

Like the other stories of its type, "Miss Lulu Bett" concerned itself with the little things that go to make up the average middle class life of our land. Specifically, it depicts the soul revolution and regeneration of a near-spinster of thirty-four, smothered in the smug, platitudinous and selfish family that surrounds her. The vital problems range between the mounting price of canned salmon and whether daughter shall or shall not be permitted to go to the library in the evening. But Miss Gale succeeded in probing the souls of these folks to their depths. Her story became almost an epic of family life, as vital and as tragic in its minor key as Balzac or Meredith.

We thank the Gods of the Theater that Brock Pemberton, in producing the play, permitted Miss Gale to do her own dramatization. The result is an exceedingly human play with superbly real dialogue and an utterly un-theatrical viewpoint upon actualities.

Did the critics praise "Miss Lulu Bett?" Most of them did not. They noted its "microscopic dissection" with pain and actually declared it to be undramatic! So "Miss Lulu Bett" has been forced to struggle for its existence.

Yet if the theater has seen anything more real than the family group on the front porch in "Miss Lulu Bett" we want to know it. Here is reflected all the tragedies and the futile maladjustments of life. Aside from the discernment it reveals in its painting of the various family members, it cuts neatly into several vital things. The unbending attitude of age to youth, for instance. Again, the supreme and unconquerable tragedy of old age.

"Miss Lulu Bett" is superbly played. Out of the fine ensemble stands Louise Closser Hale's

faultless performance of the grandmother, a cameo of character acting. By deft strokes she enmeshes and epitomizes all the humorous cynicism and feeble retrospect of old age. Carroll McComas' Lulu Bett is straightforward and sincere. All the others are admirably done.

The fate of "Miss Lulu Bett" remains to be seen. Be that as it may, we look upon it as the best native play since Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon."

The critics greeted Arthur Hopkins' production of "Macbeth" with such ribald mirth that we dislike to take our own crack at the revival, now long since departed.

Mr. Hopkins undoubtedly meant well, poor soul. His Macbeth has been called everything from ultra-symbolical to psycho-analytical. Really it was just dull.

Mr. Hopkins, as we have said, started out with high intentions. He engaged Lionel Barrymore to do the thane and Robert Edmond Jones, who hitherto has been spoken of with bated breath in these parts, to do the scenery. Then Mr. Hopkins announced his plans:

"In our interpretation of 'Macbeth' we are seeking to release the radiance of Shakespeare from the vessel of tradition. . . . We do not care about all the conscious motives that have been ascribed to Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. . . .

"What do we invariably say when a person does an unaccountable thing? 'What possessed him?' Unconsciously, we realize that people do become possessed. . . . The psycho-analyst of to-day is scientifically proving the devil of the unconscious and casting it out.

"So, to us the tragedy of 'Macbeth' is not the series of incidental murders and deaths, but it is that strong people can be picked up by forces they do not understand, are helpless to combat and by which they are dashed to utter destruction. . . .

"As to the settings, we have left behind all compromise with realism. Here are just the barest beginning of things. We believe there will be great beauty."

Imagine the tense ex-
(Continued on page 64)



Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

A NEW MACBETH
Lionel Barrymore as the thane of
Shakespeare's tragedy

SHADOWLAND



Mitzi's piquant musical vehicle, "Lady Billy," has a certain romantic appeal. The scenes move from a mythical Roumanian province to the ever present Greenwich Village. At the top and in the center are villagers disporting in their characteristic fashion

SHADOWLAND Goes to the Theater



At the left is little Mitzi as the Countess Antonia Celestina-Elizabeth-Selena-Wilhelmina of Pardocu and, at the right, is the same countess, disguised as Master Billy, conferring with her faithful servitor, Bateson, delightfully played by Sydney Greenstreet





Right, Lionel Atwill
as Jean Gaspard De-
burau, idol of the
Paris gamin



Top left, Elsie Mackay
as the adored cour-
tesan, Marie Duples-
sis, in the first act of
"Deburau," when she
meets the pantomimist
behind the scenes



Right, Miss Mackay as
Marie Duplessis and
John Roche as Armand
Duval at their first
meeting. This is the
climax of "Deburau's"
second act

The New York stage has never wit-
nessed a more moving or colorful
drama than Sacha Guitry's "Deburau,"
as produced by David Belasco. This
story of the beloved pantomimist of
the Theater Funambules of Paris in the
'30s has a matchless pathos and charm.
Through it move the famous folk of
the period, from Marie Duplessis, "the
Lady of the Camellias," to George
Sand, from Victor Hugo to Alexander
Dumas



Photograph (above) by Binger Studio
Photograph (right) by Charlotte Fairchild

THERE is romance and history in the fashions of spring. Frills and furbelows, rich brocades and old embroidery, quaint distinctions and classic draperies, vaguely reminding us of old novels, old portraits, the costume play—all the romantic periods in the world's history.

From these figures of the past, French designers have drawn inspiration for the new fashions—but no one period is emphasized more than another. The modern woman is a creature of individuality and must be offered more than a single type of dress, coat or suit. There is the First Empire period represented by new modes that are especially well expressed in evening gowns of slender lines with the high waistline, short puff sleeve (if there is a sleeve at all) and the long skirt with trailing length at the back. Satin crepe, embroidered net and gauze are the favored materials.

My Lady Fashion

Eugénie was a romantic figure of the early Victorian or Second Empire, which is represented in the new fashions with the flounced skirt, oval neckline and fitted bodice. This style lends itself especially well to taffeta, satin, net, organdy and embroideries. These dresses are longer than the average run of models and the flounces from waist to hem give them a greater appearance of width.

For the dance there is the Spanish mode, of lace, net or silk, the hip line widened, the bodice compressed, flowers and ribbons streaming here and there—very like the Spanish dress of a year ago.

Despite the quaint appeal of the bouffant type of dress the long, slender lines of the princess and mediaeval periods are upheld by the designers who thus express their renewed faith in a style very becoming to women in general. These dresses are simple in line, rich in materials, trimmed and embroidered to an extent that insures variety and distinctiveness. Certain of these frocks are of serge, light weight velour, taffeta,

Top: Bouffant type gown of novelty lace with satin bodice. Posed by Martha Mansfield for Bonwit Teller & Co.

Right: Suit of dark blue tricotine braided with black. Turban of grosgrain ribbon. Gown from Lucile Ltd. Posed by Irene Castle



By The Rambler

crepe and there is a twillcord material which is the successor to the gabardines and tricotines of the past seasons. Navy blue is again coming into its own for these practical frocks with beige, brown and black following.

In trimmings, there are the sashes of ribbon, more magnificent in color and texture than ever before. Embroideries have a rival in the cut-out work, sometimes posed over a contrasting color and fabric worn as a slip or as a part of the gown itself.

The average length of the street dress is about ten inches from the ground—subject to change without notice. The conservative will probably strike a happy medium and cut off the skirt six inches from the floor. The very old fashioned—or the very new fashioned—depending upon the type of woman—will subtract six from ten and stop short of four inches. So, as heretofore, it will all amount to the same thing—a length to suit all women.



Photograph (above) by Binger Studios
Photograph (left) by Charlotte Fairchild

Top: Organdie gown hand embroidered, with self frills and sash. Posed by Martha Mansfield for Bonwit Teller & Co.

Left: Satin slip with tunic of rose chiffon. Turban of silver braid, rose and green. Gown from Lucile Ltd. Posed by Irene Castle

Skirt widths are another story. They have a piquant charm, particularly when made of the new taffetas and pebbly silk crepes. The width is disposed in various ways, the most approved, seemingly, is to have the sides flat, the front and back gathered, or the front and back straight and the sides full. Sometimes there are plaits to accommodate the increased width, or the width is merely a matter of a circular (Continued on page 63)

The American Girl

SHADOWLAND presents as its honor roll for May in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest, two charming young girls who represent the North and the South; for "Fair and false and fickle is the North, and dark and true and tender is the South."

We do not know whether Pearl Adelaide Howell is fickle or not, and we are sure she is not false, but we can see that she is fair. Her address is: 1918 Ave. H, Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York. She is a dancer and an artist's model and has had some screen experience as well. She is



At the left is Pearl Adelaide Howell, a beautiful Brooklyn girl, who wins a place on the Fame and Fortune honor roll this month. She is a dancer and an art model. Below is Marjorie Todd, a typical Southern beauty, of Shreveport, Louisiana

young, blonde and striking.

The "dark and true and tender" maid, is Marjorie Todd, 1064 Sheridan Avenue, Shreveport, Louisiana. She has had some slight experience in "home talent" plays. She is young and dark. Marjorie looks demure and we are willing to wager she uses that extremely decorative fan to good purpose.

It is true that only the North and South are represented this month, but the great West has sent its quota of feminine loveliness as well as the East. You could box the compass, (if you knew how!), and find a beauty in every direction. These United States are crowded to their outermost boundaries with pretty girls.

English girls may have fine skins and clear eyes but they are said to have no style; French girls may have a flair for the mode but they lack beauty; Italian girls may have gorgeous eyes and classic features but they lack spirit; Spanish women may have fire and spirit but they are hard. So the saying goes, at least, American girls have all their fine qualities, less their defects. Let us prove that this is so.

We are a conglomerate race, made up, as you know, of the essence of all Europe, and our natural aggressiveness and intelligence have pushed us, even in our comparatively short civilization, well up among the first nations of the world. Whatever an American girl lacks, and

Photograph (oval) by Searcy, Brooklyn
Photograph (left) by Dickerson



My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 61)

tunic set over a comparatively narrow skirt.

The skirts with dragging panels to give an uneven hem line are still with us and are not confined to any one type or to any set width of skirt.

It is hard to determine whether the new suits favor the masculine or feminine side of their ancestry. Paris, being of two minds regarding these important garments, has given us both the frilly type of suit and the plain one, the first in three-piece composition, the second to be accompanied by the separate blouse.

Either way, the skirts are only moderately wide and the extra fullness is so contrived that the effect is identical with that of the skirts of the passing season. The length has not been noticeably dropped in so far as it affects the American woman.

Jackets for the most part are short-hip length or less. They indicate infinite variety: the full box lines, the bolero, the belted, the unbelted. Fabrics vary in accord with the style character of the model. Serge is placed well at the head of the fabric list. There are chevrons in colors other than the prosaic grey and tan. There are soft Rodier cloths of the duvety family, and novelty weaves. In a few instances the skirts are of the striped fabric and the coats of plain cloth. Taffeta is used for suits too; sometimes in combination with cloth, nearly always for the dressy tailleur.

In several of the new models the jacket is a cape—Hibernianally speaking. It takes a hundred forms, sometimes single, frequently in double or triple arrangement; sometimes in a mass of little ripples; again, merely eased for comfortable fit over the shoulders.

Sometimes the cape appears as merely an excuse for a brilliant lining. Orange with grey; red against navy blue; spotted foulards with thin materials, as well as with woollens.

The vogue for the novelty kid glove is followed by the same styles in gloves of silk and fabric in which the novel notes take the form of tucks, applied bands, buttons and embroidery, sometimes in self-tone, in other cases of black or white, forming a striking contrast.

There are gloves of navy blue with stitching and trimming of black. There are a variety of colors in a model having a series of tucks from the wrist up, stitched either in black or white, each tuck finishing with a tiny button at the side where the glove is opened and snaps. At the edge there is a piping in the contrasting shade.

Long silk models in white have rows of narrow tucks alternating with a narrow pleated frill. Shown both in white and pongee color are gloves with self-tone

embroidery. The gauntlet still continues to be popular and is shown in silk and fabric models in a variety of shades and with the square buckle.

It has been a bad year for high shoes and the situation is not likely to change. At the present time slippers and Oxfords are being concentrated on, especially the strap model, for while opinions may differ on the subject of heels—there is no dissension on the subject of the "strap." Some of the newest models show a number of straps, some perforated or in fancy cuts—some narrow, some wide. Some of the dressier straps and vamps are trimmed with kid in applique fashion while other chic models have a beading of cut steel.

Almost every sports shoe has some distinguishing novelty note and the newest sweater pump is of white cloth, or leather, trimmed with gay colored straps and lacings. Pearl grey suede is more popular than ever. Variations are introduced by combining the suede with kid in self color or black. Satin slippers, especially in the somber shades are very much favored. Red brown is especially liked.

Strange and fascinating millinery is with us, owing its creation to fashionists who can do no wrong. Each of the famous milliners has her own point of view on the mode of the season, but there seems to be an agreement that hats, both large and small, should have drooping side trimmings of some sort.

The early arrivals are demure and interesting models of soft satin, moire silk or more modish yet, of crepe de chine. The crowns are higher than heretofore and brims are featured. The toque, as such, has departed—and in its place there is the turban (there is a difference). A particularly stunning model is of crepe de chine with a soft crown, its slight up-turned brim swathed with folds of the silk and at the right side depends a shoulder-length end of the fabric.

Aside from the soft turban there are charming shapes; small, trig, practical, with Milan crowns, and brims entirely of flowers. In both the medium and the large shapes, Milan is the preferred straw and when not garnished with flowers these hats are embellished with clusters of berries, fruits and plaques of ribbon.

So much importance do the milliners place on the filmy bit of net that suspends its lacy beauty from crown, brim, back or sides, that the hat seems to be a mere excuse for the wearing of the veil. There are as many veil varieties as there are hats, and apparently, each shape and each occasion must have its veil accompaniment.

If we are conservative, the veil we wear will be very similar to the one we

wore last season. It might be either English or American. Decorative, but without any bizarre suggestion. A fine mesh with hand-applied, small chenille dots of black or brown with fine scroll work. Brown and taupe are always becoming. Blue veils are exceedingly modish with straw and silk hats of that color.

TO AN ATTIC MARBLE

By Edna Worthley Underwood

You fell asleep in marble long ago
And now you live in beauty death-
lessly.
Pale, pitiful, and perfect, here by me
You keep sublime the calm I long to
know,
Whom all emotions sweep as grasses
blow.
Rare benediction for the eyes of me,
So grieved, so wounded by the world I
see,
I beg your blessing on a brow bent
low.
I come from out the city's crude
clanging
To pause in peace a while beneath
your eyes,
And find—O miracle, the grace of
you!—
The blond, blue-dusted day of Attic
Spring;
And croucs, golden, where the river
lies,
O miracle divine—of you—of you!

IN THE APPLE-ORCHARD

In the apple-orchard the fruit turns gold
and crimson,
Greedy, thieving blackbirds nibble at
each tree,
Little vagrant breezes thru the branches
whistle,
Crickets in the pathways rumble
drowsily.
In the apple-orchard the merry children
gather,
Leaping up on tip-toe for the glowing
fruit;
In and out the fragrance marauding bees
go sniffing,
And thrushes' notes out-rival Pan's
immemorial flute.
In the apple-orchard gay lads and lasses
linger,
Thrilling with the rapture of the birds
above,
No bantering and laughter, dreams and
wistful fancies,
In the apple-orchard ripen into love.

GLIMPSE

By Betty Earle

While the nursery sky-door was ajar,
I saw the mother of the west
Stooping, cuddle a toddling star,
Proud, proud to her breast.

The Sick World Stands on the Threshold

(Continued from page 55)

the saner view of wondering what would happen to Germany if we succeeded. This opinion has guided the hand of Lloyd George, who has steadily been doing his best to restrain France.

"With the French nation believing with all its heart that its treasury must have German gold or go under, it is natural that ill-feeling has grown between France and more moderate England. The flame of this has been fed by unscrupulous politicians.

"Then there is the added ulcer of Russia resting upon Europe. European civilization can no more exist without Germany than it can without Russia. We must win Russia back.

"We have not fairly considered the suffering of Russia. First, there were the ages of serfdom under a selfish bureaucracy of the czars. Then came the war and the tragedy of whole regiments and indeed whole armies sent into battle badly equipped, even lacking arms, and officered by traitors and incompetents. Men like Lenin and Trotsky naturally found their way to the top when the world coldly turned its back upon starving Russia. At least, these men have been able, to work out a certain mode of life for Russia.

"The Russian policy maintained by France and England played into their hands. It cemented all Russia against a common enemy. The Red army grew up, a real mercenary organization if there ever was one. The Red army exists because the Bolshevik government feeds its soldiers first. Thus to its folds have drifted men from all Russia and Siberia. Here at least they were sure of an existence.

"Let food into Russia and the Red army will disappear. The Russian—like the Englishman and the Frenchman—wants to go back to a peaceful fireside, and he will go if he is sure he will not starve. England has begun to realize the error of its ways and to do its best to open Russia to the world. But you can appreciate the difficulties of dealing with political leaders who are conducting an undercurrent of propaganda against you in your own land.

"Here, too, France stands as a reactionary, against dealing with Russia. You must know that before the war the French government backed the issues of Russian bonds and that the French, in every walk of life, subscribed to them. The thought that this money is lost through the Bolsheviks has dictated the French policy towards Russia and caused that government to back all sorts of adventurers, from Kolchak to Wrangel, in the hope of setting up a man who would redeem the Russian bonds."

Sir Philip paused. "What is the way out of this welter of blood and money?" we asked.

"America might lead the way," he answered.

"There will be no possible solution to the world's problems until the biggest nation takes a part in solving these problems. I do not necessarily mean thru the channel of the League of Nations, but by some association of governments. For the present League to consider international questions is like having a board of directors take up a business proposition with its biggest and most important director absent."

"Do you believe this will come about?" we inquired.

"I hope for an association of nations and I had hopes of better things with your change of administration. But I am disappointed, as all Europe is, with the selection of a cabinet. It points to a reactionary and highly un-international policy. We shall see how it faces the question of world disarmament. That will be a test of policy."

"You have mentioned the downfall of the white race as a possibility," we went on. "Just how can this come about?"

"With France well-nigh a war wreck, Italy in a turmoil of revolutionary activity, Germany out of it, and Russia in chaos, we look upon England and the United States as the standard bearers of the Aryan race, America seems intent upon being a recluse and now England is tottering. The British Empire stretches in a vast network about the globe, joined only by its navy. The breaking of a link here or there will mark the beginning of its fall. There are signs everywhere of possible breaks. Ireland is in rebellion. The flames of anarchy flash in India and Asia Minor. The link may be torn apart anywhere.

"The war hastened all this. The native foreign legions brought to Flanders by England were surprised to discover, as they expressed it, that there was apparently a more powerful rajah than the British rajah. They came to this conclusion after they saw Germany triumphant at the start and, when peace finally came, they went home to tell of the British king's weakness.

"All through the East an unrest is stirring. It may end in the Orient uniting to bring about the domination of the yellow man. The white nations had better lay aside their petty bickerings and selfish statesmanship for the common cause. Let us have humanity in the world."

ONE'S FRIENDS

By Le Baron Cooke

When my friends talk,
So knowingly,
Of me and my art,
I look out at the sky
And say many hushed things
To the stars, for they were
My companions across the desert.
But one's friends: it is amazing
To see how ridiculous
They can be.

A Psycho-Analytical Macbeth, a Realistic "Miss Lulu Bett" and a Popular "Nice People"

(Continued from page 57)

pectation of that opening night. The first glimpse of the blasted Scotch heath with three great metal masks staring down impassively upon three red-garbed and masked witches left the first-nighters puzzled. But that neat but far from unearthly scene was just the beginning.

Mr. Jones' stage setting for "Macbeth" seemed to consist largely of one or two jазzed, pointed arches of silver-grey. They were shifted around the stage at will, indicating the inside and outside of Inverness with equal nonchalance. We were never so puzzled about whether we were inside or outside since July 1st.

That wasn't all. The acting proved to be hopelessly inadequate. Mr. Barrymore's Macbeth was just a gloomy, uninteresting oaf. There was no splendor, no vision of fatality, no tragic austerity, to this rough, sordid and commonplace barbarian. Macbeth, it seems to us, must have been a man more sensitive than his fellows, 'too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way." Mr. Barrymore made him a lout with a terrific grouch. If his thane was too much in a brutal vein, Julia Arthur's playing was too much in another. Here was a timid Lady Macbeth, a sadly repentant gentlewoman of feeble morale. Frankly, the rest of the acting was bad.

We have said that Macbeth bored us. We concede the intent of Messrs. Jones and Hopkins. We realize that the scenic arrangements were carefully conceived to intensify and sharpen the intent of Shakespeare. But the heavy hangings, the cubist "scenery," and the lath triangles left us cold. It did not help our imagination to see Macduff hallooing under a futurist Inverness, built like a boudoir screen and hardly higher than himself. The thing smothered rather than freed the spirit of the play. Now and then Mr. Jones, with his hangings, attained the effect of spaciousness but the whole atmosphere of lofty arches and great dimly lighted halls, linked in our mind with this tragedy, was missing. But, even had Mr. Jones succeeded, the acting would have pulled the revival to failure. Not once were the notes of pain, of human fulminance, or of mortal ache sounded.

The chances are that Rachel Crothers' play, "Nice People," will make oodles of money. For Miss Crothers had an idea, but she did not let it stand in the way of writing a boxoffice drama.

The nice people of Miss Crothers' play are the cigaret-smoking and jazz-dancing richer young folk of today; the same people F. Scott Fitzgerald depicted so vividly in "This Side of Paradise." The

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Morals and America

(Continued from page 43)

years of age are unmarried. A real man may play with a silly female fool for an evening, but he is not enough of a fool to tie such a doll to himself for life. Girls, give more attention to athletics and education, and you will have a better chance to win the supreme prize of a good home.

All over the country Americanism is spontaneously rising in revolt against the "Frenchy" dressing and dancing, and the "Frenchy" shows and pictures. And all along the line, among the movie folks, there is talk of a more reticent treatment of sex—the golden mean between the old "conspiracy of silence" and the recent garbality that leaves no beautiful secrets to young lives, whose faces are many of them old with "vamping" before they are grown. Art should not assume that sex is the only thought in the lives of men or women. "Think of us not always as women but sometimes as humans," said Dr. Frances E. Willard.

Let us hope the call back to moral normalcy, sounded by President Harding in his advance veto of the Inauguration "show," is going to be felt all along the line. Let us banish from stage and dance hall and screen and billboard, nude dances in harems; the bare-limbed bathers parading among ogling men; the desecrating glimpses of childbirth; the disrobing scenes in bedrooms and bathrooms, the peeping into brothels, and apartments of kept mistresses, and bacchanalian feasts in bachelors' apartments; the high kicks of ballet girls; the lascivious kiss and embrace in which body and soul are surrendered to lust.

This is not the American way to treat womanhood. Let us have pictures of happy girlhood; of maiden queens devoted to patriotic service; of clean and loving courtship; of homes musical with the laughter of children, and no lover prying in between wife and husband, for which one of them rather than the meddling lover is blamed.

Instead of always wading the sewer of beastly passion, let us walk with true womanhood on the radiant heights of true love.

That is a worthy goal for your high grade magazines, and for the wonderful art of motion pictures, whose future will be powerfully influenced by you as an editor-teacher.

MY HEART

By Le Baron Cooke

Was my heart so small a thing
That it was lost
So soon?
Or was it a falcon
So strong
It broke your hold,
And soared to heights
Of freer love?

Lines o' Beauty



A SALON that occupies the first floor of a white stone house on a street of high-class apartments and small, smart shops near the Avenue—a room of classic simplicity, Oriental luxury—with a haunting fragrance, rare, exotic—stirring to the imagination. Across one end, cases of glass with cunningly concealed bulbs that bring out the amber, emerald and rosy tints of the square, squat bottles, the intriguing charm of jars and boxes in which are imprisoned the kind genie that dispenses twentieth century magic—romance, mystery, charm.

Waiting with varying degrees of patience were: one of grand opera's best loved artists; a motion picture actress of international reputation; a musical comedy star; a well-known society woman; a popular debutante; a trimly gowned business girl—and enter Madame.

She wore a simply fashioned gown of rose color brocade with slippers and stockings that matched. Her heavy black hair coiled modishly about her shapely head contrasted sharply with the clear whiteness of her skin. She spoke, with decided foreign accent, a word here and there, with a special smile and greeting to the business girl. She gave a few words of direction to the trained attendants—beckoned me to a small electric lift, and we were propelled upward. Even the elevator, I had time to observe, was oddly decorative with its gaily painted sides of blue and its red panels with quaint, stencilled figures.

Madame Helena Rubinstein's establishment, covering four floors, is as unusual as Madame herself. For two years she studied medicine in Zurich, and then branched off into special work. She has studied with most of Europe's famous specialists. She has traveled in all parts of the world—has made observations of a diverse and helpful nature and has plied her art in almost every country of the globe. Her clients in Europe include royalty among their number. Titled Italian, Russian and English women—stately Viennese and traveling Americans have knelt at Madame's shrine in her London and Paris establish-

ments and prayed to be made lovely. And Madame, who is too philosophical to be less than honest, answered: "At least, I will make you lovelier."

Madame Rubinstein is a "gardner of women," but her life has not been entirely devoted to her chosen work of beauty culture. Her interests are varied and her talents numerous. She is a sculptress and a painter, and her rooms indicate that her love for the beautiful expresses itself in other ways than personal. Simply and boldly decorated, they represent the taste of a distinctive and forceful personality. On the walls are casts, forms rough hewn out of metal—paintings, rugs, draperies and bits of sculpture brought from Europe. Each note of her rooms, utterly opposed perhaps in conception and application to conventional schemes, is nevertheless restful and satisfactory as an aesthetic achievement.

However varied are the avocations of Madame, she is most interested in her chosen work of making women as they were intended to be—"the note of beauty in the human symphony." She speaks little of herself—of her salons in Paris and London—of her enormous house in London where she spends at least a few weeks every year, of her beautiful Paris home where she will go this summer for rest and research work. Hers could be a life of ease and luxury, but she loves her work of beauty gardening and could not be happy without it.

"Every woman can be attractive," she says. "My business is to make her believe it. To help her become charming mentally, physically, temperamentally. The young girl—it is easy. If she lives right, takes proper exercise, eats good food—not too rich—sleeps with wide open windows, takes plenty of warm baths with cold showers—her skin will be clear and firm. She needs not cosmetics, only a good cream to protect the skin and keep it active, and a fine pure powder."

"So much I am interested in girls that work—business girls. They come to me—many of them. I take more time in advising them," said Ma-

(Continued on page 75)



The National Dance of Spain

(Continued from page 52)

little boxes which line either side of the main floor, and who lean perilously over the rail of the over-hanging balcony. The scene is vivid, a great informal party, dominated by that type of lower-class Spanish dandy so manifest in Seville, who makes a very brave appearance in his straight and broad-brimmed hat with crown resembling a truncated cone, and in his loose blouse buttoned from neck to thighs like a Chinaman's jacket. One cannot afford to pass without a glance at the shy countrymen, faces tanned and weatherbeaten into the mellowness of "old masters," who without leaving behind their looped blankets and broad waist-sashes and vari-colored money-bags, have come down from their *haciendas* to see the city's frivolities and to lose in a night the reward of many months' battle with the soil. And then, of course, there are the young dancers, who, during the interims of their performance upon the diminutive stage, sit in the boxes and receive, in exchange for their shallow chat and mechanical caresses, things to eat and things to drink, and artificial roses with which they dress their black locks.

There is a preparatory roll of castanets off-stage. A mere chit of a girl (most of Spain's dancers are little more than children) walks upon the stage, proudly, almost insolently, and continues, without regarding the audience, until she reaches the edge in a position diametrically opposite her entrance.

She raises her arms, one gracefully extended above her head and the other stretched outward, shoulder-high. With a subtly sly glance at her watchers—a glance, comprehending in a childish way, the most consciously-knowing look of maturity—she steps into the rhythm. Spanish women do not throw themselves into the dance. They live it—animately, yes, but without apparent effort or vulgar energy. Rising on her toes, acknowledging the cadence with a bending and unbending of the knees, pointing forward, pointing backward, walking elastically to the rear of the stage and then to the front, whirling with a sort of reflective dignity, indicating meanwhile, by the most skillful use of the castanets (a music which becomes, in time, as indispensable to one's enjoyment as the piano at the movies) the precious significance of each movement. The music quickens, the clack of the castanets grows sharper, more incisive, stirring the blood. Back and forward and from side to side the lithe young body sways, feet caressing each other in a sort of rising pirouette, casting the delicious folds of the gown in rhythmic obedience to the music. She leans far back now, revealing the seductive curves of her form: the castanets are muted to an occasional click, al-

most inaudible. So the dance goes on. There is a quality of breathlessness in this performance. She glides back and around, a deliciously naughty smile playing upon her lips with the insistence of a leer. She reaches the rear of the stage and re-assumes a superbly erect position. Castanets crackle fiercely, heels tap consecutively, twice with each foot, louder and louder, carrying her down to the audience with a veritable bounding defiance. Another whirl!—exclamation point! The castanets are brought together, two smart clicks, a toss of the head—period.

This is scarcely a description of one dance; it is a composite. There are many traditional dances, native to the different parts of Spain, each one possessing a strong individuality—a quality of completeness, of genuine theme indicative of its traditional character. In all parts of the country, moreover, these dances are performed with faithful adherence (varying only in relation to the personality and skill of the performer) to a common model, even to reproducing certain facial expressions at different points of the dance. Then there are broadly national dances which receive widely-varying sectional interpretation. Thus the jota, a name symbolic of the world over of Spanish dancing, though maintaining its essential characteristics (one of which shows a kinship to the Highland fling), has received a different interpretation in each province.

The *tarantella*, however, is seen reproduced in the same manner everywhere. It is a reflective sort of peasant idyll, piquant and rustically graceful. The costume is a peasant attire, consisting of saffron skirt, ample and falling to a few inches above the ankles, short-sleeved white waist, overbodice of black silk or velvet and with head tied in a handkerchief shawl, falling down the back of the neck in loose, graceful folds—a manner of head-dress much affected by countrywomen all over Spain and fully justified aesthetically.

The *bolero* is another dance performed in distinctive costume, the wide black hat and snug tailored suit with the jacket of the Majo (or son of the people.) But in most of the dances which are not local in color, modern dancing frocks adapted to the whirls of the dance, are commonly used. The distinctive Spanish touch is contributed by the great backcomb—without which the dance seems imperfect—and, less often, by the fringed shawl moulding the dancer's form.

The most unique manifestation of the Spanish dance, although certainly not the most lovely, is the *cuadro flamenco*. It is Andalusian in origin—in truth, the word *flamenco* is used in the parlance of

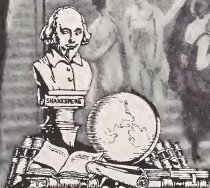
Iberian dancing as almost synonymous with Andalusia (the province in which Seville is located). As the *cuadro flamenco* is presented in public performance a group of a dozen or so men and women are seated in a semi-circle on the stage, much after the manner of American minstrels. In the place of the interlocutor, sits a guitarist.

The performance begins with the playing of a monotonous, oriental sort of melody, accompanied and soon drowned out by the cadenced hand-clapping and foot-stamping of the sitters. Presently one of the women arises and begins the slow pauses and revolutions of the principal figure in the dance. To the "tom-tom" cadence of the clapping she works out the first figures of the dance—pointings and pauses, tanglings and untanglings of the feet, accompanied by alternating elevations of the arms and snapping of the fingers. All this is done deliberately and reflectively with a most detached and contemplative expression on the face of the dancer, as if she were utterly contemptuous of the opinion of her audience.

The clapping ceases and the gentle dancing continues to the scarcely audible murmur of the guitar. The body of the dancer sways, only indicating a dance as she curves her arms and raises them gracefully above her head. Suddenly the clapping and stamping of the seated chorus quickens, becomes almost frenzied and cries of encouragement are hurled at the dancer. She responds to the fast rhythm, balancing, turning, swaying but moving the feet little save to stamp in the cadence. "Anda! anda! Baila, baila!" (Go on, go on! Dance, dance!) shout the chorus. Tap—tap—tap go the high heels on the boards, more extravagant (and occasionally vulgar, according to American standards) become the gestures. The noise of stamping feet becomes deafening, the cries piercing, the dancing more vivid, more exotic. Suddenly there is a silence; abruptly the music, the shouts and the dancing cease. The abrupt quiet is as startling as a blow. The dancer takes her seat and, in succession, the others go through the same performance, with only minute variations.

The men dancers usually perform at the end of the entertainment. Briefly, the male *flamenco* may be described as an animated grotesque. The Spanish love of the weird, the unnatural, the brutal even, which has so often confounded aliens as they have viewed the bullfight, Velasquez's paintings of court life and other little-understood aspects of Spanish life, receives here its terpsichorean interpretation. It is impossible to describe with adequate vividness the weird figures of this dance, with its In-

(Continued on page 82)



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Sir James M. Barrie you know; and
Joseph Conrad, and Arnold Bennett, Robert
Hichens, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Sir Gilbert
Parker, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knoblock,
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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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A Free Verse Troubadour

(Continued from page 53)

mountain:—he would beard the public in its own lair. For this purpose he invited Mr. Remo Bufano, who regales us now and then with his intriguing marionette plays, to make several puppets suitable for his dramatic poems and fantastic plays. He bought a simple stringed instrument resembling a banjo which he whimsically dubbed the mandolute. He said to himself, "My plays require music. I will write the music for them and strum it on the mandolute." Thus with his amusing puppets, his books of poems and his small collapsible marionette stage, Kreymborg set out on a vagabond tour of the country. He gave his performances in Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other cities. He went as far as California. In this itinerant life he encountered both enthusiasm and antagonism. Neither daunted nor caused him to lose his head.

A typical Kreymborg evening may be illustrated by a program which he gave at the University of California. The first number was "Lima Beans", a Scherzo Play for Puppets; the second "Jack's House", a Cubic Play for Primers; and the third "Monday, a Lame Minuet for Poor People".

At Ted Shawn's Studio Theater in Los Angeles he gave a series of dance poems accompanied by the Ted Shawn Dancers. This innovation, according to press reports, was startlingly well received.

Mr. Kreymborg has arrived at that stage where he can no longer be brusquely ignored by the American public. The austere critics still stand aloof and frown upon his vividly amusing experiments. This may be due to the fact that they have never been present at a Kreymborg evening of poems and plays. Probably they do not realize that essentially Kreymborg is a humorist and that the world is in great need of just such humorists as himself, who seek to divest art of much solemn hoakum with which many people like to dress it up. Kreymborg is gifted with a keen satiric sense of humor and in order to appreciate his plays and poems one must hear them as presented by himself and his puppets.

"Lima Beans" was successfully produced by the Provincetown Players last year as well as "Vote the New Moon", which is as exquisite a political satire as may be found anywhere.

Little theaters throuout the country are beginning to take Kreymborg up. He writes nonsense naively and happily and is so bound sooner or later to find his public. There is not a little kinship between himself and Lewis Carroll.

Take for example, the following in the Carroll vein, which is well worth repeating for itself:

*"Her hair
is a tent
held down by two pegs—
ears, very likely—
where two gypsies—
lips dull folks call them—
read your soul away
one promising one thing
the other stealing it,
if the pegs would let go—
why is it they're hidden?
and the tent
blow away—drop away—
like a wig—or a nest—
maybe
you'd escape
paying coin
to gypsies
maybe—"*

Quite frequently Kreymborg reaches down, in his subtle and whimsical way, into the lower depths of the souls of men and women, and sometimes with utter simplicity he looks into his own heart as in the following entitled "Dance", dedicated to his mother:

*"I went to a dance last night.
And it occurred to me
somehow,
that you and father used to dance—
though I never saw you.
Folks speak of it,
gently,
with tender admiration.
It must have been fun dancing with you
though you were small.*

*I'm growing younger these days.
After a fashion.
I'll be a dancer some day.
May I have the next dance?
That old Strauss waltz
the wind is playing for you?
You used to love me, too—
Will you?"*

His latest book "Plays for Merry Andrews" shows a marked advance in dramatic power, emotional depth and psychological incisiveness. "The Silent Waiter", one of the plays in this volume, is quite a remarkable piece of work. In some respects it resembles the method of August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist. In its whimsical climax, setting and rhythm, however, it is typically in Kreymborg's own inimitable manner. Briefly, it is the story of two men in love with the same woman. The younger is engaged to marry her on the morrow. Meanwhile they are sitting in a cafe discussing her. The older reveals that she is incapable of loving unselfishly. That she is merely in love with herself and what she needs is a great shock. They decide to commit suicide together.

The scene is set in such a way that only their arms and torsos are revealed to the audience. A silent waiter attends on them, whose body and shoulders alone are visible through the frame of a center panel, while they are seen through two panels on either side. They pour a poisonous liquid into their drink and fall limply on the table, after delivering to the waiter a farewell note, which he is to take to the girl on the following morning. As they expire, the waiter bends forward and his face is seen for the first time through the center panel—it is a death's head!

Although the girl never once appears on the scene, she is vividly drawn and impressed upon the mind of the audience by unforgettable little touches of characterization.

It is, of course, too early to estimate Kreymborg, but his most valuable and significant contribution to contemporary literature is, I believe, an iconoclastic one: he destroys at one blow the false duality of tragedy and comedy. In ordinary life the two elements are rarely found apart; they merge and mix. Why should it not be so in literature which, as critics never tire telling us, is a reflection of life?

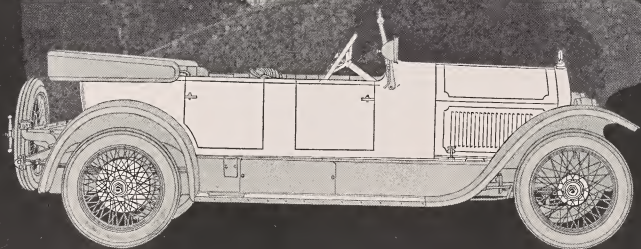
The American Girl

(Continued from page 62)

her native wit and insight soon determines specifically what it is, she goes about remedying it without delay, and the result is that we have literally the most beautiful women in the world right here.

Every canny little shop girl in America knows how to make herself attractive, and does so. Women of wealth and position spend fortunes making and keeping themselves beautiful. In these days it is almost a crime to appear unkempt or ill-groomed. American girls are keen enough to know what a good appearance does for them.

Stand on the famous Avenue any sunny day and watch the steady stream of beauty like "linked sweetness long drawn out," pass by. Here's a piquant face and there's a soulful one; here is the ravishing face of Helen, "that launched a thousand ships," and there the downcast, demure face of obscure places; here is the warm, dusky beauty of an olive-skinned brunette and there the clear white and rose of the ubiquitous blonde; here the bewitching irregularity of feature that makes for charm, and there the classic purity of a perfect profile. It is true. We are all beautiful!



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Mrs. Fiske and the American Drama

(Continued from page 49)

"I presume," she continued, "the audiences twenty years from now, will regard our devices as quite as ludicrous as we regard the glaring footlights, the incidental music for hero and villain, the unreal asides of an older day. Audiences of that time were quite as intelligent as those of today and took their strange characteristics of the theatre with profound seriousness."

Mrs. Fiske decried the annual lamentations that the theater was bound for the bow wows.

"It is always going to the dogs. Even in the days of the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Sheridan, and Fielding a dark future was predicted for the theater. But it seems to survive the pessimists. And usually when the pessimistic wail is at its loudest there comes to view a particularly engrossing and artistic work which puts to route the prognosticators."

"I think, we are too prone to regard humanity, in so far as it concerns the theater, as one vast public. In reality there are many publics. There is a public for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is a public for Shakespeare. There is a public for the trashy and the insignificant."

She spoke of her tour in "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans". And of the charm of the city of New Orleans, which she reached in her travels last October.

"The casual visitor to New Orleans might stay a week and not absorb any of its quaint appeal or fragrant atmosphere, unless, of course, he had a guide who knew—and loved—his New Orleans. San Francisco, before the fire, had a potent charm. And certain sections of New York, especially Washington Square, retain much of its old and picturesque atmosphere."

I asked her if the Brevort was still her home in the city.

"No. But I still have a warm affection for it. It is the only hotel with a soft and mellow appeal left in New York now. I hope it does not succumb to the march of Volstead."

"Do you not believe that the war has opened vast opportunities to the American playwright, by its continuous demand upon the energy and resources of the English authors?"

"I do, most certainly. We are obtaining but precious little from England today in the matter of plays. And the American dramatist is reaping a golden harvest as a result. We are still a very young country. We have not begun to portray the great transitions and phases of American life—the passing, for instance, of the United States from an agricultural nation to a great industrial commonwealth. But our playwrights are gaining the imagination, the intellectual

power and the confidence in America to draw upon the rich material all around us.

A great, great future is ahead of the American drama and it will be realized when our playwrights recognize the theater as the most democratic of the arts and as such make it a part in the life of the whole people."

"But will it not be difficult to draw the line between philosophy and melodrama?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. But between these two lies a vast, unoccupied province. I am confident there are men writing today in America who will fill the vacancy that exists."

Mrs. Fiske agreed that the small town, distinctly American, has been practically untouched in drama, though in fiction it has long held a dominant position. A play which represented accurately the small town, its people and their lives, she believed, might come nearer to the vague title of the Great American Play than anything else.

"It is not difficult to discern," she said, "that we are either too assiduous at present in fashioning our dramas after the great works of the Europeans, without possessing their knowledge of psychology, or in adhering too closely to the traditions of Broadway—traditions that demand constant novelty and change without concern as to the superficiality of the thought back of them."

"Nevertheless, we are progressing," she went on. "Those writers who have caricatured us have done something; those who have paraded events which have occurred in families, though they made manifest their own barrenness of thought, yet showed skill in observation. And in many instances, characters have been drawn nicely and carefully."

"What matters in drama, after all, is the genuineness of the emotion that is reached. Rules are of no concern. If the play succeeds in getting into one's heart, it is a work of art. All the shop-talk of technique in the world never extends the human interest in drama or literature one iota. We must find and maintain the lyric note. That is the work for all of us who would build an ennobling and inspiring American theater."

"To feel life, to express life," she concluded, "these are the problems set up for us. And I am confident we are solving them."

GUESTS

By Maude Burbank Harding

My cottage with its low doornest,
And vine-entwined portico

Is but a dream; and yet,—
Across its threshold there have come
Rare visitors of mind and soul
I never can forget.

SONG FOR SPRING

By J. Corson Miller

Hear ye not the spirit tapping,
Tapping at your pane and door,
In between the rain's warm whispers,
High above the rough wind's roar?
'Tis the violets growing restless,
Daffodils whose eyes are merry,
Blades of grass in bright green jackets,
Lilacs fresh from spring's embraces,—
See their happy, shining faces—
Sprung from many hidden places—
Open up your heart's dear door—
Let them dance upon the floor!

Hear ye not wild music straying,
Straying down each moon-lit lane,
With a promise of new raptures
Born of nature's teeming brain?
'Tis the feathered choir 'waking—
Bluebird, lark and darting swallow—
Simple notes of truant sparrows—
Dandelions' trustful greetings—
Violets' informal meetings—
Frail advance-guards of the summer,
Sounding earth's new birth again;
Hear ye not faint music straying,
Down the moon-drenched April lane?

'Tune your souls to whiffs of incense,
Bird and bush and flower and tree
Join the joyful earth in revels,—
Sylvan-tryst and jubilee.
Thru the sod young eyes are peeping,—
Wreath your hearts with leaves of laughter,
Purse your lips for notes of singing,
Prime your eyes for creatures winging;
Dead are months of hush and sleeping,
Earth throws off her pain and weeping;
Wears her rainbow-ropes before us,
While the spring in reedy chorus,
Dances down in jollity.
Raise your eyes, if ye have vision,
For Apocalypse to be!
For the great transfiguration,—
And the flaming transformation,—
'Tis a duty owed to beauty,
For the pageant ye shall see!

WAS IT YOU?

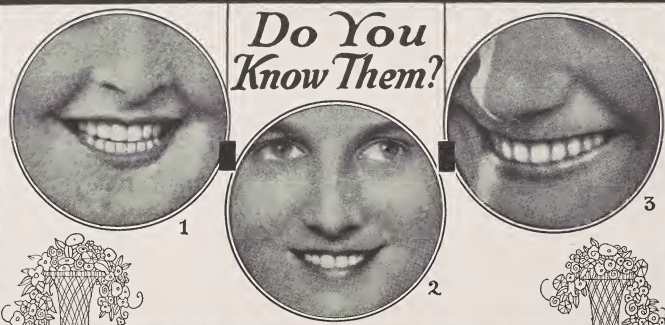
By H. Hardy Hath

Was it you that I heard when the day was
old
Calling—calling to me,
When the busy hours paused in a tired
world
And dream-tides flowed to the sea?
And when in the night I awoke with
alarm,
Fevered thoughts coursing free,
Was it you who reached out as to shield
me from harm,—
Was it your hand touching me?

AFTER SYMPHONY

By Le Baron Cooke

After the symphony
Comes the jostle,
Piercing my spirit
With its lance of discord.



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Motion Picture CLASSIC for June

June, the month of brides and roses, approaches with its American beauties, its orange blossoms and wedding bells, and in advance of the lovely month comes her herald, the June number of Motion Picture CLASSIC.

A well-known American beauty appearing in this issue is **Lillian Gish**, exquisite star of famous Griffith productions, now starring independently. Miss Gish is the inspiration of a delightful story by Gladys Hall.

Corinne Griffith's new stellar vehicle, "**What's Your Reputation Worth?**" will appear in story form, also the novelizations of other feature productions.

ZENA KEEFE, charming Selznick star, is the subject of an entertaining personality sketch by **Frederick James Smith**.

Catherine Calvert, the bright light of "The Heart of Maryland," herself a Maryland Calvert, is the vivid subject of a word portrait by **Adele Whitley Fletcher**.

Louise Fazenda's Screen Impressions has an especial appeal, as a well-known actress gives her impressions of other popular artists.

Newest reviews and comments on the photoplay and most artistic layouts complete the first summer issue of Classic.

The June Number of Motion Picture CLASSIC

Vachel Lindsay: Apocalyptic Jazzite

(Continued from page 40)

mystical whoop-las! under the Woodrovan windows at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue? Why shouldn't our Grand Sanhedrin of Abracadabrists known as the Congress of the United States knock off work for a day and let Vachel loose on the rostrum of the Speaker of the House? Cleansing fire for those burgomasters of our Main Streets!

And when Vachel Lindsay lets loose the kites of his imagination he can sing like Blake. Read "How I Walked Alone in the Jungles of Heaven." Read his poems for children. He is a jazz Blake sometimes. Also read "The Tale of the Tiger-Tree."

There is the Revelation of St. John the Divine in his poetry. Apocalyptic visions blossom in his skull. He is profoundly religious—smilingly so. His drawings in the *Village Magazine* are fantastic, ironic; touches of Beardsley, Baudelaire, Poe—and those who go a-cruising after the Great Snark.

His is always a call to life. The great enemy of mankind is Routine. Lindsay lives in Springfield, Illinois; but, as a matter of fact, Springfield lives in him.

"Censers are swinging

Over the town,

Censer gigantic:

Look overhead!

Hear the wings singing:—

'Heaven comes down.

City, dead city,

Awake from the dead!"

His latest book, "The Golden Book of Springfield", is strange, beautiful and original. It is compounded of Poe, Blake, Cabell and Chesterton. But it is uniquely Vachel Lindsay.

It is a kind of "Spoon River Anthology" reversed. Masters in his great book put a phonograph in the coffins, as Witter Bynner says. He is the Balzac of the dead. He stripped the masks from the buried Main Street of Spoon River.

Lindsay in "The Golden Book of Springfield" strips the masks from the living who are going to live again in the year 2018 in Springfield, Ill. He has worked out their karmas very ingeniously, and shows us that human nature is about the same all the time, only it is a little rotten now and then than it is then and now.

He among others has organized a Progressivators' Club in the sun parlor at Leland's Hotel. In this select group of forward lookers (as Mr. Wilson, modified by Mr. Mencken, would call them) is a Campbellite minister, a female florist, a male artist, a welfare worker, a Jewish boy, a doubter, etc. They expand their visions of the Springfield, Ill., one hundred years after their meetings in 1918, and relate the mask they will wear in that reincarnation.

Human nature hasn't changed a bit in the Springfield of 2018. There are the same motives, the same modes of acting,

of thinking and spying on one another. Money and whiskey are stored in cellars to corrupt the electors and the youth of Springfield. The cult of the Cocaine Buddha, introduced into Springfield by the Singaporians, is a delicious bit of satire. The Cocaine Buddha is a successor of the vanished Bacchus. Good psychology, although not pleasant to contemplate.

Only three magazines survive these hundred years—*Vanity Fair*, *Poetry* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. They haven't changed a bit. There is a great tower in that day, called variously the Tower of Truth and the Edgar Lee Masters Tower. From it one can see cows and sunsets and soda water stands for those who do not have a cocaine revenue officer on their staff.

Vachel Lindsay himself has become a "millennial chameleon," and he thanks whatever gods there be that in his previous (present) incarnation he was a member in good standing of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois. Racca!

"Stick Slack Kopsensky" is Mayor of the city. Politicians and skunks never evolve—this book is proof of this biological axiom. The socialists of the various countries still murder one another for purely theoretical reasons. There are flying machine riots as primitively done as the old battles over fireplugs by rival horse companies.

The heroine is the beautiful Avenel, who, of course, is the sweetheart of the hero—his Lady Etarre. In their curious adventures we get the poetry and mysticism of the book. It is rare, almost Jurgensque.

If we are on the eve of a renaissance of the imagination in this country, I proclaim (second proclamation) the two *avant couriers*, Vachel Lindsay and James Branch Cabell.

"The Golden Book of Springfield" is as much an event in our mental life as "Jurgens." Springfield may suppress it, as Tarascon put the lid on Daudet's immortal satire; but Vachel Lindsay will go marching on.

THE CRY OF GULLS

By Le Baron Cooke

The cry of sea-gulls

Never ceases,

Like a shrill, monotonous wind,

It breaks against my mind,

And shatters my meditations

Into bits of confusion.

—LINES—

By Le Baron Cooke

Why should we weep

Now that it's time to pass

Out thru the narrow door;

Has Life not given us

Sufficient love

To light us thru

This little space of dark

Called Death?

The Man Who Is Deburau

(Continued from page 34)

lated, with rather a quizzical smile, "or at least my particular point of view isn't. I haven't any use for this bosh of 'the woman pays'—nor for that matter 'the man pays.' It's a straight case of fifty-fifty. The individual. Some men are more sensitized, more capable of acute suffering than some women—then they are going to be the payers. Some women are more so than some men. And so it goes.

"In Deburau the famous Pierrot suffers heartbreak and failure because of his love for one woman."

"You think that possible?" we asked, with some incredulity.

"It is the individual every time," said Mr. Atwill with firmness.

"You seem to believe in the individual?"

"I do. Always. Whenever a great epoch is achieved; a great triumph of nations; something revolutionary and history-making, it has been under the domination of some one strong man, stronger than the others.

"I am against mob rule and mob intelligence. I am for a survival of the fittest because the fittest must and will survive. Why not acknowledge it?"

"How, particularly," we asked, "do you wish to survive—dramatically?"

"Just so," he said, "dramatically. I have no ambition to create a type, because a type is not life, and the artist should be malleable enough to be variant, without being, necessarily, versatile.

"I dislike comedy intensely. I am, in that field, out of my element. I suppose if it were forced upon me I should attempt it, but not of my own volition.

"To depict suffering is, at once, pleasure of a poignant, paradoxical nature for the artist and profit for the auditors. It touches the hearts of the people; it gives the strange, unfulfilling bond of the fact of other, companioning suffering; it eases. It never mocks."

"Perhaps, then, the intensity of suffering is the great appeal of Deburau."

"In great part. Unrequited love. All of us, or most of us, have touched the hinterland of that passion of enforced abnegation. We respond to it. And then, too, this is a very crude example and not true to life save in the relative popularity of appeal, I seem to think of Deburau as a sort of intellectual, or cultured *East Lynne*. One was morbid sensationalism; the other is poetry, wistfulness, fine, inevitable tragedy; but somehow, in both, a universal chord is struck, and the universal tears of the people flow."

I asked him if the verse of Mr. Guitry's play had been an impediment to him.

"I thought it might prove to be, just at first," he said, "but not now. It has come to be to me the way Deburau would talk. And while I am before the footlights I am the man, Deburau, with his mannerisms, with his heartache, with his love."



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neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. These results all accord with modern dental requirements. Everybody, every day, should get them.

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The Movies in Movement

(Continued from page 48)

good looks tell less, no man or woman succeeds without talent. Miss Lillian Gish, Miss Theda Bara and Miss Constance Talmadge may not be the equals of Miss Ellen Terry, but if you compare the man or woman who is filling a crowd part on the film with the lady on the stage who says: "Oh, I do like ice cream," you will generally find that the crowd actor is better trained. Why is that? Because the stage effect is not destined for the masses; it appeals almost exclusively to the more or less educated public, which takes a general view. That public loves its star actor, just as the film public loves Mr. Chaplin, but while the film public sees only Mr. Chaplin, the stage public sees its actor in relation with the play. The stage actor is helped or kept down by the playwright, the rest of the cast, and the producer. The gifted cineplayer, on the other hand, stands absolutely alone; as a rule, the film play not being much good, the cineplayers carry its whole weight. As a result, they have learnt their work with incredible thoroughness. If they did not, the film play would collapse.

I should like here to say something of the great favourites of the film, but have not the space. Of all of them, Mr. Charlie Chaplin is easily my best beloved. To see him walk along a dusty road, slowly, stop suddenly, struck by an idea which he expresses with the back of his neck and his shoulders, to see him meditate, still without the help of his face, and then suddenly go on, having, with a jerk of his head and a gesture of the hands, unmistakably said: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter," is a complete training in the technique of acting. Not stage-acting, but just acting. The cineplayers have defects of their own; as a rule when they register pleasure, grief, or love, they tend to overact. The registration of love, notably, would, as a rule, dishearten any of us who encountered it in real life. But registration is not essentially expression; when a cineplayer registers a feeling, he is not asking you to look upon that feeling as link in a chain of the drama; he is asking you to behold the situation created by his feelings, asking you to supply the chain between that moment and the next picture. It is no good going to the movies unless one intends to collaborate a little with the actor. He can do nearly everything, but not quite. Besides, before we leave the cineplayer, we might remember that stage-acting too, has its defects, that we have heard the actor mumble or rant, or seen him stare at the gallery, or wait endlessly for the laugh after a joke, or forget his part, or come on intoxicated. I am not attacking the stage-actor, but it is no good setting him up as an arch-angel against the cinema demon.

(Continued on page 81)

Roerich, Viking and Skald

(Continued from page 23)

As in all his paintings, this is rich in significance, beyond the loveliness of its line and the treasure of its color. In these mysterious figures moving across the dark waters toward threatening shores, in the masses of thick somber green, set off by a bit of golden moon, there is the key to all the artist's future work. He too is a message in a somber world, of coming, incredible beauty. And this preoccupation with pre-history, with primitive joy, and forebodings of saintly peace, mark, in one way or another, his extraordinarily varied and characteristic canvases.

Fascinated by his imagination of the Stone Age, reconstructing it by the help of his archeological studies, Roerich painted a group of impressive pictures of this shrouded period. The artist recreates it for us as he envisions it: "the wonderful shades of stone, the noble hues of precious fur, the graining of self-colored wood, the yellow chords of reeds and rushes, and the beauty of the strong human body of the cave-man." No brutish monster this, but a creature hailing the sun on sands tawny with dawn.

When the artist went to Paris and, ignoring the impressionists on the one hand, and the classicists on the other, continued to paint with the brilliance of Gauguin and the intensity of Blake, his teacher could only say: "*Nous sommes trop raffinés; nous devons étudier chez vous.*" These "dark blue seas, wooden floors on ravine-eaten hills," these heavy massed greens, relieved by a supernatural light, were remote from the Parisian salons, as the fierce fjords of the North are remote from the rainbow crystals of a drawing-room chandelier.

To study Roerich's work chronologically is almost to study the history of Russia. For when he returned to his own country from Paris, he undertook a series of architectural paintings of ancient Russian towns. Some of these colossal canvases now hang in American galleries. And the same passionate interest that the artist devoted to the Age of Stone is evident in his paintings of old Kiev is typical of all he knew how to find in his travels, and typical too of the wealth he showers on his paintings. "It was a combination of North and South. The metal sheen of the Scandinavian style beaded with the pearls of Byzantium made the ancient city that place of beauty which leads brothers to fight for it."

From these retrospective pictures with their epic quality of vast space in time and distance and vast heroic effort, it was a natural step to the creation of scenic paintings for dramatic backgrounds. The Russian opera and the Russian ballet, the splendor and the austerity of the produc-

(Continued on page 76)

The Lady With the Green Cape

(Continued from page 47)

Lady. "But your question is merely rhetorical, you have found your own answer, haven't you?"

"In a way I did," answered the Poet. "The child became at once a symbol, and I said to myself: 'Are we not quite as foolish as he? Wild and troublesome are our hearts—and gloriously anarchistic. Yet we deny ourselves the most tempting fruits of life, though we ache for them with the deepest longing of our souls, simply because we wonder what some Lady with the Green Cape will think of us. By whatever name we call our Lady with the Green Cape—Public Opinion, Society, Custom, the Gods, or what not—out of some incomprehensible, superstitious fear we smother back our desires, strangle our wishes and with the hunger still gnawing at our hearts we gaze timidly at our Lady with the Green Cape until we ourselves are shocked at our wild and impossible appetites. . . .'"

"I see your point," conceded the Lady thoughtfully, "but what would you have us do? The Lady with the Green Cape looks rather forbidding. . . . We are afraid."

"That's it," the Poet chimed in, "that's just it. We are afraid. And yet, who knows that the Lady with the Green Cape would have been so merciless a judge after all? Perhaps she would not have been as indignant as the mother led the child to believe. Just as we, too, are led to believe some such thing from our childhood on. She might have been quite sympathetic had she seen how the hungry little heart enjoyed the sweet fruits. All that the child needs—and ah, all that we ourselves need—is surely nothing more than just a little courage, just a little trust in the dim powers that overbrood our life! Why should we be in constant fear of them and make it our own anxiety to court and appease them? Perhaps each one of us underrates his particular Lady with the Green Cape. She may be more lenient than we think. Who can tell?"

"Who indeed?" sighed the Lady. "If we could only tell. . . . But is that the end of your story?"

"No," replied the Poet, "the tragically ironic part of this adventure is still to come. I will tell you the end. While pondering upon the possible indulgence of the Lady with the Green Cape—of all our Ladies with Green Capes—I looked searchingly at her who had induced all these musings. There she sat, still unmoved in her corner, staring into the void with her strangely intense yet vacant look, without taking any notice of us. An uneasy doubt began to assail me just as the train pulled into the station. And now I saw the conductor step into the car to help the Lady with the Green Cape to the door. When she was gone he turned to

us and said almost apologetically, as if ashamed of this unusual courtesy: "Poor thing; she is stone-blind."

"Oh," exclaimed the Lady, "how terrible! And the mother and her boy?"

"They became at once interested and asked many curious questions about her, without sensing the tragic incongruity of the scene. But I, I tell you, I felt a chill of terror creep over me, and said to myself: 'Ancient, terrible, eternal tragedy of mankind! Renunciation, sacrifice, martyrdom, death even—all for the Lady with the Green Cape—and the Lady with the Green Cape is blind!'"

The Poet's voice had a tinge of reproach at the last words which the Lady well understood. For a moment it seemed to her, too, as if a cold, clammy hand had touched her heart, and above the tinkling of her tea-cup she heard clearly the far-away cruel laughter of the mocking gods.

Lines o' Beauty

(Continued from page 65)

dame with a deprecating shrug, "than women who have much time and money. Some one, perhaps, has recommended expensive treatments. I say 'no!' I advise one or two things for her and tell her how to use them. She always comes back—and is grateful."

"Great artists come to me every day. So much make-up, grease, paint and rouge plays havoc with the skin if they do not take care. Society women come—their skins ravaged with late hours, rich food, improper care. I help them to tone up the skin with creams and tonics that rejuvenate the skin, make it active and rid it of impurities. Then, the cream, powder and bit of rouge make the skin appear naturally beautiful. But, on an ill-cared for, neglected skin, it is so obviously to *cover up*—which it does not do."

"Women's faces are like flowers. There are no two exactly alike—and each needs individual care. Each type of beauty, each skin—needs special treatment. It is a fascinating problem—and not hard to solve if one brings to it a combination of science, intelligence and common sense. American women are naturally beautiful. To help them preserve charm as a part of their daily life—that I strive to do by personal advice, or if they cannot come, by letter."

"You remember the old, old lines:

"There is a garden in her face

"Where roses and sweet lilies grow."

But this 'garden in the face' must be a cultivated garden with nothing wild growing in it—no weeds, no tangles; in other words—no blotch, or blemish, or

speck—a garden that has been the subject of zealous care."

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A Psycho-Analytical Macbeth, a Realistic "Miss Lulu Bett" and a Popular "Nice People"

(Continued from page 64)

girls wear daring décolleté, drink, swear and exchange such frank repartee as "nobody dances with her—she wears corsets." The boys are fast-driving guide-books of the various roadhouses.

Miss Crothers takes one of these shimmyming sisters as her heroine and involves her in an innocent escapade. Then the girls' set suddenly discovers a Puritanical code of morals and begins talking about her. So she seeks salvation on a farm. There, according to Miss Crothers, she finds regeneration in overalls—and also in one of those young Westerners who despises life in the cities.

Most of the critical fraternity held that Miss Crothers might have written a big play if she had followed the thesis expounded in her first act: that the future of America lies in these loose living youngsters and that, if they fail, the nation will collapse. We hardly look upon matters so darkly. Hasn't every generation believed that the succeeding one was well on the way to perdition?

Miss Crothers has written some of her play rather racily but, in the main, the thing is theatrical twaddle. Francine Larimore, however, is excellent as the heroine.

We wish we had space enough left to discuss Hatcher Hughes and Elmer Rice's "Wake Up, Jonathan," which serves Mrs. Fiske as a vehicle. This ranges from passable to very bad drama. There are moments of fine satire, vivified by Mrs. Fiske's keen art. The authors hit upon the triangle of a business Napoleon, an unsuccessful dreamer, and a woman of fine mental intelligence. The millionaire, who is the husband and who has been living apart for years, returns to seek a reconciliation on his own terms. The reunion comes but not as the Colossus of the Street expected.

Mrs. Fiske's art fairly shimmers in "Wake Up, Jonathan," despite a stage full of fearful footlight children.

Words fail us in commenting upon a musical effusion eylept, "The Rose Girl." Just plain awful. The once charming Lydia Lopokova is featured in what the program terms a ballet by Michel Fokine, but the honors go to a vivid dancer named Rose Rolande.



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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is absolutely guaranteed of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Roerich, Viking and Skald

(Continued from page 74)

tions at the Moscow Art Theater invited Roerich with all the lures of mythos and of music. Drawing his inspiration from the drama itself, the artist sank into the spirit of each scene, and rose like a deep-sea diver with a pearl of mood. That palette which Sergey Ernst describes as "rich and measured," in almost musical terms, with its "golden-green, purple, and flame-blue tones" gave to the works of Ibsen and of Wagner, of Pushkin and of Maeterlinck a color and a fire and a somber richness they had never before known. Whether he painted the Troll-Cave in Peer Gynt, with its dark cavernous rocks and pale strange fires, or the white monastery ineffably shining, softened by a jeweled green, for the Sadko, or an empurpled palace chamber or a gay little town in all the colors of comedy, he produced an effect equally powerful, intense and complete.

Roerich's outlook on the world is of a sort that makes the master of scenic effect. It is significant that he painted his grand Northern vistas before he had ever seen the ice-locked harbors and stern cliffs of the Scandinavian countries. He has traveled all over the earth—exhibited in Paris and in Petrograd, visited Venice and London, lived for several years in Italy and Switzerland, for months in the Norseman's country. He is touring the United States now on his way to the shores Columbus really sought: obscure, silent, brooding India. But for all his journeying, he does not paint what he sees—he paints what he feels. Certainly the artist never saw the Stone Age men rejoicing in the sun, or caught a primitive shepherd in the shape of a god, piping to his sheep. He must have lived deeply in his imaginations of those remote old Russian cities to reproduce the very life that inspired them. The artist himself declared once that the past is for him a window through which he looks out upon the future. It is this luminous vision, this intense realization of the continuity of spiritual things, that marks his tremendous canvases with the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

The finest paintings of recent years have been called by more than one observer Roerich's "prophetic" work. Before either war or revolution had shaken the foundations of our common life, the artist was producing "The Doomed City," encircled by a monstrous snake; "The Last Angel," flying over a world in ruinous flames; "The Cry of the Serpent," as coiled and fanged, the blind, copper-colored creature screams before the peril hovering over its country.

This artist's world is peopled not by human beings, but by gods and wizards, by giants and fairies. For him the sunset is the homeward-faring Knight of the

(Continued on page 78)



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Underneath most unattractive skins is a clear, pleasing complexion—all that is needed is the proper treatment! It is surprising how often a brief use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap will clear away blotches, redness and roughness and give the skin its natural freshness and charm.

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ARE WE IMMORAL ?

WILL THE BLUE LAWS GET US IF WE DONT WATCH OUT?

The Motion Picture Industry is in danger. That immorality in greater or less degree exists in the studios is common knowledge. That too many sex pictures and others of an equally questionable nature have appeared lately is a deplorable fact. That the present situation needs a remedy is unpleasantly certain.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE starts a self-imposed crusade to clean up the movies, to make them safe for the young and unsophisticated, to abolish the salacious film, to disarm its fanatic antagonists and make official censorship totally unnecessary, by a series of articles on the subject to commence in the June number.

We have engaged SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY, daughter of the late CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, who stood four-square for decency in pictures and yet was irrevocably opposed to official censorship, to look over the field and report her conclusions.

WHAT SHE FINDS WRONG—WE PROPOSE TO MAKE RIGHT

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Jacob Epstein, Sculptor

(Continued from page 56)

This time Epstein was accused of being blasphemous. He had depicted Christ in the wrappings of the dead, and with one hand raised showing the wounded palm. The other hand pointed to the wound. For this work he was attacked by both Jew and Gentile ministers. It was called degenerate. There was nothing too bad to say against it. The Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan called it "wicked and insulting to perpetrate such a travesty of the Risen Christ," while another clergyman called it "an insult to Christianity." Epstein's reply to his critics was the well-known French saying, "To everyone his own Christ."

A side of Epstein's sculpture better known in this country than his imaginative and figure work, are his essays in portraiture. In these bronze portraits he has proved himself an extraordinarily fine modeller. They are good portraits in every way, but at the same time they are entirely different from anything that would have been done by a Royal Academician. Epstein's heads are full of movement and life, and they have also an uncanny thinking quality. As a matter of technique, they are brilliantly clever.

Epstein is a slow and careful worker. When one works direct from the stone one must be careful as stone once cut away cannot be replaced. He thinks out his work. He cuts with thought, and what an artist puts into his work will be sure to emanate from it. It is thus that they have that serene, thinking quality.

Although a daring and original worker, Epstein has come under the influence of various civilizations. Egyptian, Assyrian, the South Sea Islands, and the carvings of the African Negro have all helped in evolving the Epstein that we know to-day.

In his work, other than his portraits, the subject matter does not concern him; neither does the fact that he is departing from the truth in his rendering of human forms. Throughout his work Epstein is concerned with the arrangement of his design in planes. He is dealing with forms and surfaces. To the uninitiated, who look for a story in his work, or a faithful rendering of natural forms, his work will be confusing.

When Jacob Epstein comes here in the spring he will certainly be warmly welcomed by the artist fraternity, and all lovers of art. This city is greatly interested in the fact that a former New York youth has attained such a prominent position in the world of art.

Jacob Epstein is bringing his wife and family, for it is his intention to reside here for quite some time, possibly a year or two. While here he will exhibit his work, many examples of which are in the collection of John Quinn of New York. He will live at Yonkers until he finds a suitable studio in New York City.

During the war Jacob Epstein served as a private with the Jewish Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers in the British Army.



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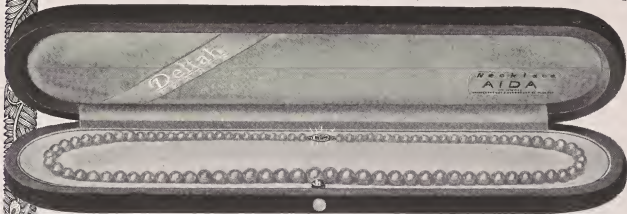
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FAMOUS MOVIE STARS**

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Roerich, Viking and Skald

(Continued from page 76)

Evening: a cloud that is like a winged centaur in armor; the Fairy of Rain leans whitely over the thin mist that falls from her couch; wise gnomes take treasures from the earth and hide treasures there; the Sons of Heaven in their might come to beget children upon the Daughters of Earth; Lel sings to his sheep in a picture that is at once a poem and a decoration; Saint Boris and Saint Gleb sail in an oarless boat down an eternal stream, and St. Procopius rests above the river "blessing the unknown travelers."

The variety of Roerich's conceptions is only equalled by the authenticity with which each is finished. His architectural, sculptural clouds, the Gargantuan-pillared throne-rooms, the sheer comedy of the pastorals, the epic battle-scenes of Vargenian days, the gold that drenches the coming of the sun, the silver-jade that is like a plucked lute-string in the evening, the sumptuous purples, the blazoned fires, the impalpable mists receding from mysterious waters—there is no way of communicating the quality of these things. And through them all is the eerie music of a distant pantheism. The gay peasant boy on the green hill-top looking heavenward sees "more than a cloud," says the painter: "it is a sign—an omen, perhaps only a peasant boy could see it." The Indian girl, in her clear-colored Eastern garment, with a water-lily in her hand and a waterfall rushing beside her, hears something in the sound of those tumbling waters that only the mystics of the East and their lovers can understand. The fleshless old man standing, lean and angular, among rocks with powerful angular faces, is a picture of Ecstasy such as saints may know, in their loneliness and their rock-like steadfastness.

Roerich, like the ancient Rurik, is a viking moving across strange seas, and like Rurik's companions, a skald singing of strange adventures. He has the cold strength of the North and the honey-colored clarity of the South, the barbarous splendor of the East and its infinite mystery too:

"His Blue is the Blue of the Northern Twilight;

His Green is the Green of the sea-grass;
His Red is the Red of bonfires,
And his Flame—from Byzantine ar-
rows."

This land of Roerich's is truly "great and rich," extending even to those hidden regions of the spirit which few care to find and fewer penetrate.

MY SONG

By Le Baron Cooke

I said: "I'll have a song."
For very long had I been mute;
But when I tried to sing,
My heart was like a broken lute.

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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Portage—Preferred

(Continued from page 27)

from which it is lifted to appear at the more select parties of life.

As moments went on, her rare unwillingness to talk about herself increased the air of privacy she maintained. An air which suited the portrait to a T.

"About 'Miss Lulu Bett,' now," she finally said, thoughtfully. "You see, she not only never started out to be a play, she didn't start out to be a novel, or even the main character in one. She was a part of my novel 'Birth.' It was quite long. Probably 200,000 words. The publisher advised me, in the interest of pliability, to cut it. The incident dealing with the love affair of Bobby Larkin and little Diana Deacon, and their relation with Di's aunt Lulu, seemed one which could be lifted bodily from the novel without destroying its integrity; and offering the while, the possibility of being used as a later main theme. I removed Di and Bobby and Di's aunt Lulu from 'Birth.'

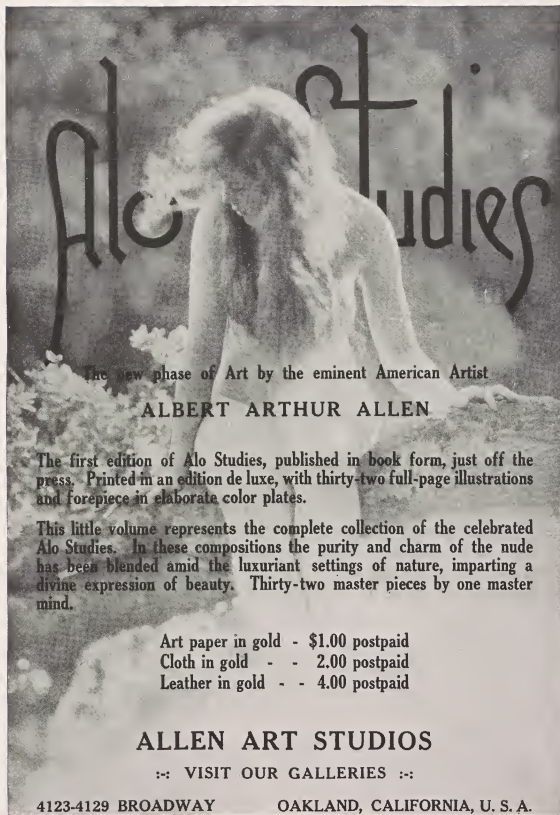
"But when I started writing of the young folks, the story turned into the history of Miss Lulu Bett. That's all there is to it, that I can think of," she added with her diffident and human smile. There is nothing of artifice in Miss Gale's smile. It is a simple, appealing pantomime; a shy act of friendliness.

"Except this bit more, perhaps. Even as I was writing the story, it seemed to me I was merely adding the novelistic accessories to what should be, more properly, a play. So I started to dramatize it. Nervous at the premiere? Oh, no!" She was, for the moment, positive and very sure. Almost modern in her assertiveness. "Not nervous, not tired. Not anything but extremely interested. I've never had such a nice time as I'm having right now with my play." She gave herself over to her lunch for a moment with an abstract air. Plainly, food to her was a mere comfort rather than any pleasure.

"Not that I'm not happy at having my play produced. Every novelist, of course, hopes to live to see his first play. And I've written so many novels, or tales, at least."

Five books on "Friendship Village" have come from Miss Gale's pen, wielded for many years at Portage, before she formed the habit of wintering in California. Five books composed of delicate small tales of domestic felicities, at home in a small town, with tales also of placid friendships and the like. Then "Pellets and Etarre," a novel of the conjugal bliss of a Middle West Darby and Joan, with, as an addition, an anti-war novel which, in its sentiment must express the author's emotions rather than her politics. Next, "Birth." And at the last, the tragical, defiant and fugitive "Miss Lulu Bett," whose misfortunes and triumphs sprang, with perfect equipment, from their creator's brain.

"It's curious, in a way, writing about small town folk. People always fancy



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Portage—Preferred

but as for her, she had not written until she was more mature.

She started collecting her wraps. Again the portrait of the American gentleman began coming into view. In silence, she slipped into the perfect pose. She tucked a long roll of paper under her arm. It was a map of Fairyland which Gilda Varesi's understudy had given her. She spoke of it with pleasure but showed none of the morbid delight in the little folk that goes to mark the Barrie habitué.

As she left the restaurant for the theater, she admitted that she lived in an old white house in Portage, and that in the summers she cultivated a garden in the backyard. But she spoke of the garden calmly. Plainly, nature had retained its freedom and remained unsubsidized. Moreover; she denied, with a smile, that the white house had appropriate green shutters in attendance. However, and her smile grew broader and more appreciative, at least, back of the house there ran a little creek. Almost, she called it 'crick.'

At the very end, then, the sense of realism which promoted "Miss Lulu Bett," spoke in Miss Zona Gale.

The Movies in Movement

(Continued from page 80)

4.

What is the future of the film? One cannot absolutely say, but, in general, in the case of any young form of art it may be suggested that its future is its present . . . more so. By which I mean that if the cinema has for a long time been on the upgrade, it will go higher for a time, just as the theater, which for six years has been on the downgrade, may go lower. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule. There are also reactions: after a very good period, you often find a bad one, but I don't think that the cinema has yet attained so great a height of good taste as to be ready for its reaction. During the last few years the cinema has done things that nobody could expect; it has filmed Shakespeare, d'Annunzio, Molière. There's a triumph for you! Molière! It is easy enough to film Mr. d'Annunzio and his broad tragedies laid in picturesque settings; it is another matter to film Molière, his domestic scenes, and to preserve some of the irony of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." I think the movement will go further. For one thing, the speed of the picture will go down, so that there will be more time for subtlety of expression, more time to enable the audience to understand the complex emotions. Also, the personnel is changing. People of the educated classes, young men from the universities, recruits from the theater, are entering the film business; the grade of the cine-player is rising steeply. In the early

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Motion Picture MAGAZINE for June

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A story of Catalina, popular island playground of the Western screen folk, by Miles Hammond.

An editorial by Elinor Glyn, renowned author of "Three Weeks," who has just written "The Great Moment" for the screen.

Adele Whitely Fletcher's interview with Jean Paige, the first granted by Miss Paige since her marriage to Albert E. Smith.

Gladys Hall's personality story of Lew Cody, another male vampire of the screen.

The Extra Girl, by Helen Carlisle, with humorous sketches.

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The June Number of Motion Picture MAGAZINE

The Movies in Movement

days, the cineplayers were recruited from among barmen, and circus girls who jumped thru hoops. They have gone; I don't say that the cineplayer generally comes from the family of Vere De Vere, but he, and especially she, no longer originates from the coarsest class. The cineplayer comes more and more from the middle class, of middle education; many recruits come from rich or aristocratic families, whose sons and daughters, twenty years before, would instead have gone on the stage.

These factors are making a revolution in taste, and they will operate more and more freely. They will be assisted by other factors of great importance, which are the mechanical. Colour pictures are going to increase. Within twenty years the experiments of Mr. Urban will be looked upon as the curiosities of a by-gone period. The improvement of colour-photography will, before long, be carried into the motion picture; it will be so successful that you will see the heroine blush.

Also, I feel sure that there will be a development of the gramophone, and that means will be found to synchronise exactly the words that will come from the supermegagramophone of the future with the course of the picture. You will see the actors' lips open as the words reach your ears.

It follows from all this that the film will produce works of art. Until recently, every film was built in such a way as to be suitable for an audience in the biggest hall of an European capital, and in the assembly room of a one-horse town in the wilds of Texas. The change has already come. Films are on the market which are designed solely to please cultivated audiences, which are not offered to the one-horse towns. These films are responding to the rise in taste. The time is coming when the personnel among film producers will be augmented by skilled producers capable of producing, shall we say, Ibsen in a manner that would content even the high-brow. The present tendency to film good novels and good plays will be considerably strengthened by the entry into the ranks of the film playwrights of men and women who are now writing novels, short stories and plays. They will bring into the film a stronger wind of good taste, restraint, good selection of detail, avoidance of bathos. They will split the industry in two, just as the theater has been split into the drama for the crude, and the drama for the educated. With this will come a recognition of the status of the film in modern society. We shall have no more silly comparisons between the film and the photograph; no more confusion between still life in the photographer's subject, and skilled acting before the camera; we shall no longer have a confusion between a painting, said to be a work of art, and a film said not to be a work of

art; we shall understand that painting and the film are only means and not ends, and that the cinema must be judged solely on what it produces. I am content to leave the cinema to defend itself in the future by the production of its works. I am sure that they will be worthy, and that the time will come when films are deposited in the museum of the nation, not only as documents of their period, but as classical works entitled to stand by the side of the romances of the pen, the forms of the brush, and the eternal accents of music.

The National Dance of Spain

(Continued from page 66)

dian medicine-man gyrations, its gar-
goyleque facial contortions, its violent
flaying of the planking with the feet.
But there is a certain symphony in it all,
derived probably from its adherence to
form, which lends to it a certain dignity.
To the initiate, moreover, the subtle rep-
resentations of the bullfighters' tactics,
which constitute an important part of
the dance, have always a great fascina-
tion.

The Spanish live to their finger-tips
and thus they have devised castanets;
they live also to their very toe-tips and
so express themselves in violent stamp-
ings; they are full of Western ardor for
complete physical movement. But, in
generalizing too much on these "outward
signs" of the dance, one must not (one
can not) overlook its inheritance from
the East, of that significant thing—the song
of the body itself.

REALIZATION

By Le Baron Cooke

When I kist you
In the dawn of our love
I believed in you
With all the ardor of my inexperience;
You were too exquisitely proportioned
To carry deceit in your soul!
Too stately in bearing
To know the meaning of dwarfish things.
But tonight, in my disillusion,
I realize, poignantly,
How slipshod I was in my appraise-
ment—
In not taking into consideration
The fact
That your tongue was an adder.

FUTILITIES

By Le Baron Cooke

The sea snarls and beats itself into a
white fury,
But it cannot drown the moonlight.
And the wind shrieks with violence,
But the voice of the Beloved soars above
its blast.
Even the lightning, licking the sky with
its vengeance,
Cannot shatter the rainbow.



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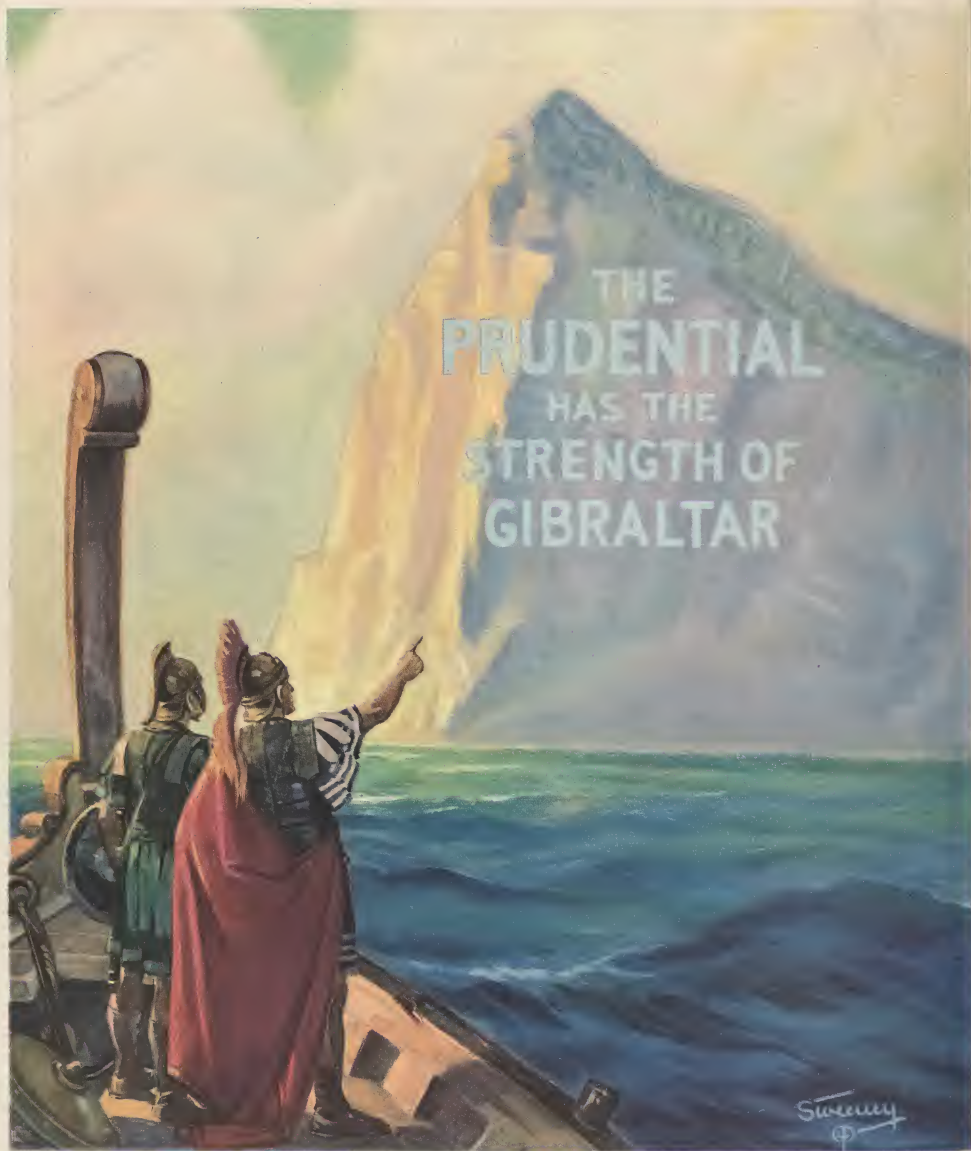
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